

The TATLER

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The TATLER

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THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH

Yvonde, Berkeley Square

The most recent portrait of the wife of the Lord Steward of His Majesty's Household. The Duke of Buccleuch, who was appointed in February in succession to the Duke of Sutherland, is the eldest brother of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester. The Duchess of Buccleuch is also directly related to the Royal house, as her father, the late Major William Lascelles, was a kinsman of the house of Harewood. Eildon, one of the Duke of Buccleuch's seats, is in those romantic Border Hills supposed to have been built by the Devil to the order of Michael Scott the Magician to block out any sunlight from the Monks of Melrose, with whom he was not on the best of terms.



Russells, Chichester

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF RICHMOND'S GOODWOOD HOUSE-PARTY AT GOODWOOD HOUSE

Alistair, James, and Ivor Coats, sons of Lady Amy Coats, the Duke of Richmond's sister, are nearest the camera in this notable group. In the next row are Lady Carew Pole, Lady Doris Vyner (sister of the host), Lady Bertha Egerton, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, the Hon. Mrs. Westenra, Lady Hambleton, the Duchess of Roxburghe and Lady Esme Gordon-Lennox. Second row: Lady Violet Brassey, Lady Ann Cavendish-Bentinck, Lady Amy Coats, Miss Bridget Vesey, Lady Falkiner and another lady, Mr. Thomas Leveson-Gower, Sir John Carew Pole, Mr. Clare Vyner and Lord Esme Gordon-Lennox. Behind are Sir Terence Falkner, Sir Leonard Brassey, the Hon. Thomas Egerton, Mr. Withington, Lord Brackley, the Hon. Derek Keppel and the Duke of Roxburghe.

IN the land where it is always afternoon (the thought is Tennyson's, Alfred, not Lionel) you can live nine different lives. The Riviera can be taken, like the jokes of Mr. Robey, in different ways. It can take you for a ride at the gaming tables, or you can take her riding into the mountains in a car as long as Charlie Munn's trailer and as low as your own mind. "And if you want to go walking, dear"—well, we all know the lyric and it's no less delightful, delicious and de-lovely on the Riviera than elsewhere—just a little more expensive perhaps with Van Clef within an arpel's (sorry) throw of the hotel. You can go the pace at the Summer Sporting, Palm Beach and Victor's, or you can live on a boat, the simple barnacle life, with occasional excursions to that naughty, naughty mainland. Or again, you can go native in the artistic mountain colony of St. Paul, eating with painters, singers, dancers, and the peasantry who will beat you at bowls on a dirt track unless you happen to be a curler, in which case you stand the village drinks. Like Greenwich Village, St. Paul has a classic thirst. Socialists climb there for the feast of Sainte-Claire, which clashes noisily with "The Twelfth." After dining unwisely and too well, they join the fray, fire at Aunt Sallies, chuck merry peasants under the chin and perform in the local sixteensome, a set so complicated that not even Lady Bute or the Captain of Dunstaffnage would know the best foot to put for-

And the World said—



THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY AND PATRICIA LADY JERSEY

Dancing in Paris at a party given by Leo Reisman, the American orchestra leader, in honour of the Paris hostesses who have lionised him this season. The engagement of Patricia Lady Jersey to Mr. Robert Filmer Wilson, the stockbroker son of Captain Arthur Stanley Wilson, one of the Tranby Croft Wilsons, was announced last week.

ward. Sir Oliver Duncan, who usually shepherds a fashionable flock to these bucolic revels, has been visiting in China, a country also explored by Mrs. Woolley-Hart, who, back from her island at Bermuda, has settled into a villa at Mougins, reminding us of that early Cole Porter: "I have a shooting box in Scotland and a hacienda in Spain." The very far east urge is evidently working up, wars notwithstanding, for the Tokyo Olympiad in 1940.

MEANWHILE Monte Carlo has cornered the best people, including Sir Courtauld Thomson, Gullane host, who is not the only member of the older generation to sample the Riviera in summer. Sir Ian Malcolm was here coining riddles, and Lord Elibank is signalled, so the *va-et-vient* (meaning go and come straight back if you dare) between Scotland and Monaco seems pronounced. Sir Courtauld, who watched gambling with Admiral Sir Victor Stanley's widow, was a big bug in the Red Cross. He has many sad and interesting, also some delightful, memories of far-off war days. I like his anecdote of the patriotic old man who, reading that a shortage of iron was affecting the production of lorries and ambulances for the front, set about collecting scraps including sardine tins, nails and rusty locks. These he forwarded to the Ford works, and picture his astonishment when a letter arrived—"Dear Sir, we have repaired your car which will be ready on

Wednesday." August is the month when wars and rumours of wars are on every tongue-tip. Thunder clouds in the heavens seem lined with the sultry red of revolution, and even in casinos talk is of haymaking while the sun shines, yet September usually comes without disaster; and the Silly Season of alarums and excursions, Channel swimmers, Atlantic fliers, freak fashions and articles on the Modern Girl, fades with autumn's first sane nip. It was into a conversation about the changing face of Europe that Sir Courtauld threw this as a true story of J. H. Thomas and King George the Good. They were discussing at Balmoral the changing face of the world, just as we speculate in country house or humble cot. King George said: "Well, Mr. Thomas, I wonder what would happen in a revolution?" "Jimmy" flashed back, "I, sir, would be the first to 'op it.'"

Another angle of Riviera life is the villa entertaining, from Beatrice Cartwright's lunches at Casa Estrella—more palatially Palm Beach than anything in Florida—to Margery Crimmins' kitchen picnics with raw figs and peaches in a bowl with whipped cream. Everyone at Eden Roc knows Margery, the dark-haired water nymph of the Cap, and everyone admires the high diving of Mrs. Cohen, who was Kathryn Hammill the dancer, also the facility with which Anton Dolin keeps a fresh flower behind each ear when he swims. The Roc missed acrobatics from France's Olympic ski team captain, Etienne Bunau-Varilla, who, like Sir Anthony Weldon and Sir Alfred Beit, was the victim of a bad leg break in the snows, and it hails newcomers, Lady Ann James and husband, the Pat Bellevs, Humphrey Butler, the "Stewie" Forsters, Diana Gibb over from Monte Carlo in golden anklets, and Jimmy Dugdale, a world-beater in a Nassau shirt, bound for Brioni. The Roc hates seeing the last of Cicely Courtneidge's black back, but she had to rehearse the musical play in which Bobby Howes will lead opposite for the first time in their lives. These two have that touch of pathos in their comedy which is peculiarly English and unfailingly appealing. You feel what dears they must be "off"—and they are.

More Riviera faces belong to Freddy Lewisohn (dancing with Mrs. Adele Van Rensselaer), the Gordon Leiths (both on



AT THE PRICHARD-JONES—NUGENT WEDDING IN WESTMEATH

Sir Basil Goulding, intent on getting a photographic record, with his mother, Lady Goulding, Miss Rosalind Mansfield, the youngest racehorse owner in Ireland, and Mr. John de Laszlo, son of the famous portrait painter. Sir Basil Goulding was a Double Blue during his Oxford days, and is now about top of the squash class in Ireland



Pooler, Dublin

SIR JOHN AND LADY PRICHARD-JONES

A happy snapshot just after their wedding at Multyfarnham Church, Westmeath, last week. The bride is the elder of Sir Walter and Lady Nugent's daughters, and is as well known with the Westmeath hounds as her husband is with the Meath. Sir John Prichard-Jones's mother is the present Lady Louth. Her first husband, the 1st Baronet, died in 1917



AN EATON HALL TENNIS GROUP

A holiday four who were amongst the Duke of Westminster's guests at Eaton. Left to right are Mr. Leonard Crawley, so famous in the golfing world, Miss Beatrice and Miss Rosemary Grosvenor, and Lord Pollington, who is Lord Mexborough's son and heir

sticks), the Eddie Barons, incognito at Monte Carlo, dancing expertly together, "Baba" Lucinge, divinely clad, dining *à deux* with Salvador Dali, prince of Freudian surrealists, and, donors of an excellent fork supper-dance, the newly-wed Freddy Proctors. She was Ivis Goulding, sister of "Eddie," the only important English director in Hollywood. You may have seen her in "Peter Pan." Now she is content to live in big brother's reflected glory, shortly to be enhanced by "Jezebel," the picture which puts Bette Davis back on the glamour standard. Talk of new plays and films augurs autumn, and, believe it or not, Rosemary Stanley is sitting under a parasol checking lists for a charity "do" at the White City on Guy Fawkes Day. She says this will have even more success than last year, "le Bon Dieu et le Général Critchley willing." With the same far-away look in his eyes Harry Morgan (who has shaved his tresses) incites his followers to take tickets for the Cresta Ball. St. Moritzers stick together in water as in snow. Commendatore Casini, Madame Villars, Betty Harbord (who has named one of her mother's yearlings "Puncture" by "Six Wheeler" out of "Mischief"), Serge Assiewsky (still called "Serviette"), Jack Heaton, and, of course, Freddy McEvoy, who is the best underwater fisherman. He and Jack spend their days diving with goggles to overcome fish with guile and a trigger rod.

A girl at Goodwood writes: "Also staying at Bognor are Frank Butters, Lady Nuttall with a tiny Peke, Jack Jarvis, Pat Mather with wife, and Mrs. Edmund Bevan, who is going on to Chepstow, her home meeting. Lady Nuttall has bought Loseby Hall in Leicestershire. She is interesting, having been round the world, including China—they say travel broadens a girl's mind. The girls who looked best at

(Continued overleaf)

And the World said—continued

the meeting were Ulrica Murray Smith, Margaret Kimberley in green and beige, Kitty Brownlow with gold studs in her cap and belt, Lady Stavordale, Lady Durham, the Duchess of Roxburghe wearing red and white print, and Lady Lintithgow, who always stands out. That good-looking Frank Spooner, who won thirty-six point-to-points at one time in his career, was racing, also the Francis Vane-Tempests, who cheered "Firozepore" like mad. I heard the Dewar stable had five thousand quid on "Bright Beam"—if so, it was an expensive failure, and I heard a lot of people say how sadly they missed Frank Bellville. "He so adored Goodwood."

Distinguished race-goers went on to Deauville, so I tried telephoning a spy there on Bank Holiday, only to find every line booked indefinitely. Finally we got one of those beautiful French lines on which you hear everything and everyone except the person wanted. I gathered that Lady Stanley and Lord Sefton had dined in the same party as Patricia, Lady Jersey, that "Joe" Fairlie and the TATLER's golf expert, Henry Longhurst, were on the links, and that the Maharani of Cooch Behar had a dinner of four-and-twenty couverts. "Strassie" was celebrating his great Goodwood victory in Evian, and Lady Doverdale was looking simply marvellous in sea blue. Audrey is a clever girl. Not classically pretty like her film actress sister Glen Allyn, she makes the most of original looks. Lord Hamilton of Dalzell seemed in excellent spirits, also "Cardie" Montagu and roseate Mr. Delmé-Radcliffe. Madame Paul Dubonnet, in ingenue ivory, made a late entrance, and the Hardwicks never dined at all—(perhaps on trays)—but turned up at baccarat. Lady Maureen Stanley and her sister, Lady Margaret Muntz, also Sir Coleridge Kennard, were breathing country air on the golf course, where the exotic seats Major Gillespie brought back from the Barbadoes are already inadequate. What he needs is a hundred of those little gilt chairs which have nobody to sit on them when the London season shuts down. They should be flown over strapped to the ceilings of Olley's machines and accommodate extra passengers en route. The pandemonium of air communications during Bank Holiday, in spite of a new service from Shoreham, caused my spy to splutter down the telephone. One of these days it will sort itself out. Or will it? Encouraged to make another call I captured Spy Number Two in the Hermitage at Le Touquet, hiding his head from the gale which blew throughout Bank Holiday. "All the usuals are at the 'Golf,'" he said, "the Freddie Whites and his cousin, Hugh de Rougemont, with that lovely wife, and the Prescotts staying at Enid Furness's house. Betty is playing very well. The Sweeny grandparents have gone to Baden-Baden. She's been the best-dressed woman all week-end—bar Jessica Cornelius. Vivian plays a lot of golf, and so does Sandy Cameron, the boy who married that pretty Pamela Grant-Sturgis. She's here, too, and Ursula von Hohenlohe, back from Monte Carlo, and the Brinsley Plunkets, who have a villa, and Mrs. Wessel, the one who was Lady Churston, and a lot of polo people. No, I did not say bogus people, I said polo—P for Percy Ledgard. He's in terrific form, chaperoned by Kate. Lady Dudley—Gertie—had the seat of honour at the match, a

basket chair, and John Montagu-Douglas-Scott, the Duchess of Gloucester's cousin, was playing for the 9th. There are lots of theatricals—Ann Todd with Victor Malcolm, Constance Cummings with Benn Levy and Howard Wyndham. The Malcolms bicycle furiously and look aggressively fit. I say, I must go now, you know, and see a man about a drink." Click.

From Salzburg this screed: Every room is booked at the usual fantastic prices. The Freddie Salm's Baroque Bar and *Conditorei* is on top this year. In 1936 it was only finding its public, but now the Best People gather in such quantities that the not so Bests have to be turned away. "Bea" Salm is English and a darling, and he's a brother of Rudi, who never gets a day older. Rudi played at Wimbledon before the war and married Millicent ("Standard Oil") Rogers, now Mrs. Balcom. His charm is extraordinary. All the *personnel* at the Baroque have romantic life stories. The manager is a son of the famous Frau Sacher, of Sacher's Hotel. You remember in "Re-Union in Vienna" how a character meant to be her had that lovely scene with Alfred Lunt? The Baroque chef Zeka is a brother of two Burg Theater actors, and the band is Karl Machek's, from the capital, so it's all "very, very Viennese." The Sultan of Johore has been in Salzburg, and the first musical snobs are arriving. The tip-tops sail up at Mittersill, the country club run by the Pantz boys and young Czernin. It is just far enough away to make doing the Festival too like work, so most people just have a lovely time dressing up as Tyroleans.

From Tyrolean mountains to Scottish moors: The 29th annual inspection of the Queen Victoria School at Dunblane was attended by the military, the gentry and the vanguard of the Englishry. A glorious day and the marching and deportment of the kilted boys, their bearing and assurance very comforting to critics of the next generation. The Salute was taken for the first time by the new G.O.C. Scottish Command, General Sir Charles ("President") Grant, who has two nicknames, for at the Peace Conference in Paris they called him "Daddy Longlegs." His wife is Lord Rosebery's gifted sister, who writes, paints and talks several languages. Her husband is a brilliant conversationalist and his French is without tears. In fact, he is the "literary militant," a type patented by that delightful veteran Sir Ian Hamilton. The Hamiltons, who have again taken Lennoxlove from Lady Hersey Baird, are having a series of what Americans call "house guests," including such intellectuals as Mary Borden and her husband, Brig.-General Spears. To return to the tartan scene at Dunblane, guests received by Mrs. Innes, wife of the School's able Governor, included Lady Orr-Ewing, Mrs. Stirling, of Cauldhame, in her favourite beige, and Mrs. Hay-Drummond, with a big party from Cromlix, including daughter-in-law Lady Betty.

Before closing down for the week, here is a Bembridge broadcast which at this time of year is, as always, very crowded—the Sailing and Garland Clubs are the two chief centres of activity. Merle Oberon was seen at the former sailing first with Mr. Michael Crichton and later with Mr. David Niven. He is an example of the local boy making good, as Bembridge is where he spent most of his boyhood, and he now comes back to it having made his name in Hollywood pictures.



HER MAJESTY ON HER BIRTHDAY

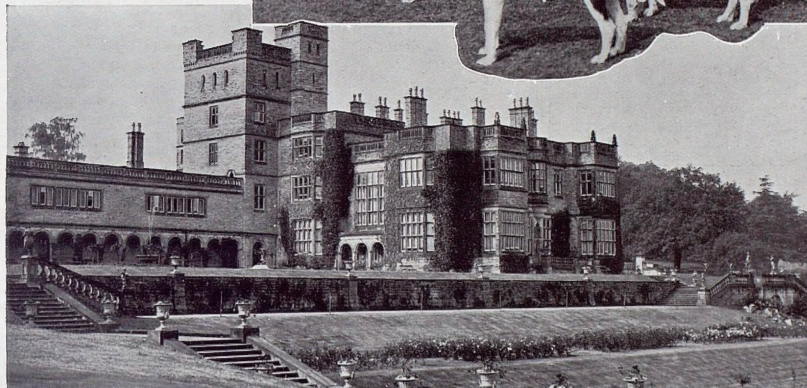
The Queen, the Princess Elizabeth and the Princess Margaret with the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, at Ballater, where the Royal Family broke their journey by road from Aberdeen to Balmoral, and where the King's Guard of Honour of the 1st Battalion Highland Light Infantry (City of Glasgow Regiment) was inspected by His Majesty. The loyal North took special delight in welcoming their Scottish Queen to Scotland on her birthday. Princess Margaret, who was born at Glamis, will also spend her birthday in the Highlands. H.R.H. will be seven years old on August 21

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MR. DENNIS ALDRIDGE
AND HIS DAUGHTER

(On left)—
OSMASTON MANOR



The Meynell Hunt Garden Party at Sir Ian Walker's majestic seat, Osmaston, was in the nature of a house-warming for the new reign in this famous hunt, which we all hope is going to be a longer one than some recent ones. Captain Maurice Kingscote and Sir Ian Walker, with Captain R. W. Verelst co-operating, took over from Sir William Bass and Captain H. A. Jaffray at the end of last season, Sir William Bass being the only Master who has lasted any time since Sir Harold Nutting's long Mastership (1920-1929). Continuity of policy in a hunt is always the best recipe for success in and out of the kennel. Captain Kingscote will hunt hounds as he did the V.W.H. (Cricklade) and the Atherstone, and is the right man for that job as he is quick away with his fox and knows all that there is to know about it. Mr. Robin Kingscote, who is in the group at the bottom, is a son of Major Edric Kingscote, and Miss Joyce Kingscote is the daughter of the M.F.H. At this festival there were also polo, a display of the haute école by Herr Albert Jeserich, sheepdog exhibitions, and all kinds of other fun and diversion



DENNIS MOSE

MR. ROBIN KINGSCOTE, CAPTAIN M. J. KINGSCOTE, MISS JOYCE KINGSCOTE,
CAPTAIN R. W. VERELST. MRS. KINGSCOTE, AND SIR IAN WALKER



FAIR EXCHANGE: SIR HARRY LAUDER AND GARY COOPER

This incident took place on the "set" of Paramount's *Souls at Sea*. In return for an autographed photo of Gary Cooper, Sir Harry drew a caricature of himself, which he autographed, for the film-star

WALKLEY, when he took it upon himself to explain Grock in particular and the philosophy of clowning in general, became more allusive than any critic has been before or since. He failed, and was the first to admit failure. Sitting at the Empire watching *A Day at the Races*, I found myself wondering whether A.B. would have done any better with the Three Marx Brothers. Would Croce's aesthetic applied to Chico have told us exactly why that pop-eyed phenomenon's Italianate-Jewish chatter is so diverting, why most of us revel in Harpo's inspired insanity, and why Groucho with each succeeding picture becomes more and more established as one of the great comedians? Walkley would have particularly revelled in Groucho and would have nicely explained how much of the buffoon is in him, how much of the clown, how much of comedian goes to his making, and how particularly much of pure Elizabethan fool. The figure—Walkley would have said—is familiar to you; he is tall and bland, a grinning philosopher, serenely bespectacled, with a grotesque black plaster of a moustache and a butt-end of cigar perpetually under it. His natural walk has an exaggerated grace and roll, but pomp and circumstance have only to pass to be mimicked perfectly, and a young lady's mincing will the next moment be equally caricatured. He is lithe, vivacious, and unending in resource. He is above all things witty, in both words and action.

It is conceivable that Walkley's urbanity would have resisted Harpo and even Chico. But he would have ransacked the memory of his reading to explain the delight we all must take in the wit of Groucho Marx. His first big gun, Aristotle, would have been little help. "Comedy is an imitation of bad characters; bad, not with respect to every sort of vice, but to the ridiculous only, as being a species of turpitude or deformity; since it may be defined to be a fault or deformity of such a sort as is neither painful nor destructive. A ridiculous face, for example, is something ugly and distorted, but not so as to cause pain." And so on. But to attempt application of this to Groucho can only give us a pain in the neck. Not a bit more serviceable is the best-known of all theories of the comic, the theory of suddenly relaxed strain. According to Walkley, who himself accorded to Jean Paul Richter in the matter, all theories of the comic are themselves comic. The relaxed-strain theory is quite blitheringly futile as applied to Groucho. No! Far nearer to Groucho are the essayist's own conclusions about Grock, when with the airiest pro-

THE CINEMA

Explaining Groucho

By JAMES AGATE

fundity he almost convincingly pretends that the whole subject is entirely beyond him. "This is where clowns may enjoy a secret, malign pleasure; they proudly confront a universe which delights in them but cannot describe them." And again, and still more relevantly: "There is something still unexplained in the attraction of Grock. One can only call it his individuality—his benign, bland outlook on a cosmos of which he seems modestly to possess the secret hidden from ourselves. One comes in the end to the old helpless explanation of any individual artist. Grock pleases because he is Grock." This seems to me to fit Groucho quite admirably, except that for "modestly" I should substitute "with an adorable complacency." Groucho pleases because he is Groucho and totally unlike anything else in art or nature—except possibly our own Monsewer Eddie Gray of the music-halls, whose majestic image always arises in the mind whenever I am about to make ultimate pronouncements about anything!

The film is deliciously funny, and I cannot imagine a better way of curing a young man anxious to be a film or dramatic critic than to commission him to describe the plot of *A Day at the Races* in a thousand words. Or in ten thousand. A truer title would be *Two Hours in Pandemonium*, since we are swirled all over the place by the crazy trio, and since a race-course setting is no bar to the introduction of the grand piano, the harp, and all the other adjuncts and gadgets of Chico and Harpo. The jaundiced will want to dismiss it all as a series of music-hall sketches strung together on an inconsequent thread of story about a race-horse owned by a crooner. I would rather call it a succession of irresistibly idiotic japes punctuated by a race-horse story which is never momentous enough to become tedious. Our sides have to be spared somehow! The great Groucho pretends for a large part of the time to be a horse-doctor who is mistaken for a famous surgeon, while Chico and Harpo pretend for a little to be his assistants. The little scene is highly characteristic of the trio's manner and method. "You take-a de patient's pulse!" says Chico. Harpo, of course, with his imbecile grin at once grabs the patient's pulse and makes off with it, whereas Groucho grabs the lady's wrist, looks at his watch, and says: "Either my watch has stopped, or you're dead!" And there is a superbit about the remark, an Olympian aloofness about its delivery and about the complete indifference as to whether or not you think it a good remark to make in these preposterous circumstances which must completely win even the dour fry of anti-Marxists. By the way, and unless my senses were completely bereft by this orgy of laughter, Harpo, in the course of a recital on his improvised harp, introduced an air from one of Bach's sonatas for the unaccompanied violin. This is as astonishing as if Groucho should suddenly quote a sentence of Plato, Sainte-Beuve, or even Walkley himself.

It goes without saying that nobody else in this film has much more than a dog's chance of asserting himself or herself. But Maureen O'Sullivan's pekingese order of prettiness keeps bobbing up, and Douglas Dumbrille bays the moon with that very unusual attribute of the crooner, a pleasant light-tenor voice. Leonard Ceely has an admirable five minutes of illimitable exasperation at the telephone with Groucho imitating a female-operator and half a dozen other kinds of harpy at the other end of the wire, and the rich lady who is at the mercy of the comedians is played by Margaret Dumont, who is my heart's idol and an unsurpassed mistress of the immensely difficult art of having one's leg pulled with utter dignity.

John Boles and Doris Nolan are the stars of *As Good as Married* which started at the New Gallery on Sunday last. Walter Pidgeon, Tala Birell, Alan Mowbray, Esther Ralston, and Dorothea Kent are others in the cast. The New Gallery programme also includes *Night Key*, in which Boris Karloff is the high light. *King Solomon's Mines*, starring Paul Robeson and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, is in its third week at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and *Lost Horizon* still draws a crowd at the Tivoli, where it has run for over four months.

AT DUBLIN HORSE SHOW



THE MARQUESS OF SLIGO AND
LORD AND LADY ELVEDEN



LADY MILTON, MR. HARRY USSHER, LORD MILTON, THE
HON. EDWARD AND MRS. GREENALL, AND H. L. COTTRILL



LORD AND LADY CONYNGHAM



CAPTAIN CHARLES WINTER,
M.F.H., AND MRS. WINTER



MR. AND MRS. G. A. MURRAY SMITH
Pool, Dublin

Ye wouldn't be seein' Dublin for thim that was in it and a harse couldn't let a kick out of himself at Ballsbridge but he'd welt a dozen of 'em. Some of those who packed the Irish capital to the limit for the famous show are seen above. Lord Sligo is Joint Master of the Galway Blazers. Lord Elveden, who is with him in the picture, is Lord Iveagh's son. Lord Milton is Master of the Derwent, whose country is in the County of Broad Acres, which is Yorkshire. Mr. Harry Ussher is one of Ireland's leading trainers as well as being personally known to almost every inhabitant of the country. The Hon. Edward Greenall is Joint Master of the Belvoir with Colonel Gordon Colman, and the group is completed by Harry Cottrill, the famous trainer from Lambourn. Captain Charles Winter, who was formerly in the Rifle Brigade, is Master of the Westmeath, and a very good master too. Mr. and Mrs. Murray Smith—she is the former Miss Ulrica Thynne—are very well known in Leicestershire hunting circles



RACING AT DERBY: THE HON. MRS. RUPERT HARDY AND SIR JOHN CAREW POLE

Sir John Carew Pole had Linn of Dee running in the last race, but unplaced. The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy is Lord Hindlip's sister. Her husband is in the Life Guards

parties were able to play golf, tennis and bathe after racing, as well as bridge and sardines (Skipper brand) in the evenings, and, with lots of favourites winning, a good time was had by all. Those who followed Frank Butters' fortunes can go on their holidays with a light heart, and it was noticeable that Ally Pally on the Saturday was devoid of the crowd of regulars that usually have to turn up at this venue. My own luck at the sports was made up for by my luck on the roads. Driven by a friend in a new fast car down a main road it was in the nature of Providence that he slowed up at a yellow line in the centre of the road. Just as we were right on the cross-roads an ancient motor shandrydan loaded with bookmakers, probably playing their trade game of Nap, but anyway, oblivious of our presence, crossed us at right-angles. Whether Charlie was stricken with stag fever at seeing so many warrantable beasts in such easy range, or whether he poked instead of swinging and lifted his head, I don't know, but he only half topped them. When the grinding noise was over a perfect cascade of pencilers fell out of the car, rubbing their heads, and all with one accord calling "Misery." According to the rules of the game we at once called "slop and cop," whom we found in a mobile car near-by, and the whole thing was settled amicably without a drop of bloodshed or damage to limb. The only other motor accident I heard of, also with a happy ending, was found by a party of friends of mine on the way home from racing. Precariously balanced on a hedge with its front wheels over space and rocking in the breeze was a small car filled with a piebald mass. On steadying the car so that the occupants could get out, this resolved itself into four Ethiopians so black and two blondes so dizzy that their ablutions must have been done with Zebra grate polish and peroxide respectively. They started to walk home and are expected at Clapham Common to-day. Racing was good and interesting, though one or two idols had feet of clay or else needed their feet put in clay. Probably wrongly, Mirza did not impress me, good as his performance was. There is no improvement left in him, and I should not be at all surprised to see him beaten over six furlongs at levels by one of the more progressive ones. Caerleptic and Onslaught disappointed. The latter is a typical Flestead and

Racing Ragout By "GUARDRAIL"

GOODWOOD came off in completely fine weather for the first time for eight years. House

would probably do with more time, but, oddly enough, this sire doesn't seem to get stayers and I rather doubt him making on into a very good horse. Scottish Union is a nice horse and probably the best Cameronian we have seen, while a charming filly by him, Silver Tassie, was second in the last race. Exhibitionist was the greatest blow of the meeting. It didn't seem possible for her to get beaten, but she was never going like a winner and seems to be ruled out of the Leger. First Flight is a very much improved horse and will be even better. It is hard to express an opinion on Perifox. His form through Elgar, whom he beat at Newmarket, is much the same as it was, and that wasn't good enough to win a Derby. His performance I didn't consider impressive, but he is said to be a very lazy horse, and with another race in him before the Leger he may show some improvement. He is the nicest individual in the race. Solfo did what was required, and is better on soft going, but the whole lot are mediocre and best left alone.

The new stand in the paddock and members is a good innovation, with a much-wanted bar in it. While the members' enclosure is thus enlarged the only part of it that matters is still most dreadfully crowded. Only the early birds can get a position from which they can see any part of a race, and the roped-off part for men only is only honoured in the breach. Perhaps the new stand in the paddock is only the forerunner of new stands altogether. There is no getting away from it, the meeting for all concerned is a very expensive one, but in weather like we had this year it is worth it. The



ALSO AT DERBY: LADY NOREEN BASS AND SIR WILLIAM COOKE

Lady Noreen Bass, the Earl of Huntingdon's youngest sister, is the wife of Sir William Bass, who races under both codes. Sir William Cooke is also an owner on the flat and over fences

caterers, too, deserve full marks for their side of the business, which makes so much for human happiness. The "bandobast" for this, miles away from anywhere or any station, must need amazing organisation.

Ally Pally seemed rather tame after it, but there was good racing at Sandown on Monday. Entertainer, the winner of the big two-year-old race, is the most improbable looking racehorse I have seen. Dead white with rather a dipped back, she looks more like a pensioned-off favourite hunter, but, like most Royal Minstrels, she can go.



THE HON. MRS. GILLILAN WITH LIEUT.-COLONEL G. SKEFFINGTON-SMYTH AT DERBY RACES

Col. Skeffington-Smyth, also an owner on the flat, is a member of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. Mrs. Gillilan is the elder of Lord Scarsdale's two sisters

LEOPARDSTOWN

Ireland's racing prelude to
the Dublin Horse Show



MR. CARY, MISS GOFF, THE HON. JEANNE FRENCH, MR. LILLIS, LORD GORMANSTON



SISTERS-IN-LAW: MRS. DAVID PLUNKET
AND VISCOUNTESS MILTON



MISS ELFRIDA KEANE WITH
THE EARL OF FINGALL



THE HON. MRS. SIMON COMBE AND
THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Baldoye and Leopardstown take it in turns to provide Bank Holiday racing for Dublin's Horse Show patrons. This year it was Leopardstown's turn. As usual, country houses for many miles round contributed large quantities of guests, one of the biggest parties being that entertained at Kildangan by Mrs. Dominic More-O'Ferrall, whose son, the well-known owner-trainer, saddled the winner of the first race. Fashion's turn-outs were noticeably good, those paraded by Lord de Freyne's sister, Bishop Plunket's daughter-in-law and Lord Milton's wife, being particularly agreeable. The Duchess of Leinster and the Hon. Mrs. Combe, who is Lord Leicester's granddaughter, also made an attractive picture. Popular Miss "Frida" Keane, seen with that fine horseman, Lord Fingall, rides extremely well herself, and was honorary whip to the West Waterford for several seasons. She is a niece of Senator Sir John Keane

Photographs: Poole, Dublin



MRS. DOMINIC MORE-O'FERRALL AND AN
ENGLISH GUEST, MISS DIANA BATTYE



Jane Haydon

THE HON. MRS. ROGER CHETWODE AND HER SON, PHILIP

The genial young gentleman seen in the above picture was christened Philip, after his famous grandfather, F.-M. Sir Philip Chetwode, formerly Commander-in-Chief in India and originally a 19th Hussar. Mr. Roger Chetwode is his only son and heir and in 1936 married the Hon. Molly Berry, who is the third daughter of Lord and Lady Camrose and a sister of Lady Birkenhead

Irish Atmosphere.

MOST writers, if they had been asked by their publishers to write a book about their own country, would immediately have set off in pursuit of all its sights and beauty spots, a notebook in one hand and a camera in the other. Lord Dunsany, let me add, undertook the more unusual course. His book, "My Ireland" (Jarrolds; 7s. 6d.), breathes more beautifully the whole Irish "air" than almost any book on the subject I have ever read. And yet, scarcely ever does he penetrate further afield than within sight of Tara, in the neighbourhood of which his own Irish home is situated. What incidents there are are confined almost exclusively to his own daily interests—mostly fishing and shooting. Certain well-known Irishmen flit through the scene, but they are not "typical"—because, as every Irishman knows, there isn't a typical Irishman to be found, except on the stage. There is, however, a beautiful appreciation of A. E., the poet, and that other poet, less well known as yet, though posterity will surely acclaim him, Francis Ledwidge, who was killed in the war before his genius had reached the full flower of its lovely promise. One of Francis Ledwidge's poems contains, so to speak, the whole "atmosphere" of Lord Dunsany's book—except that "My Ireland" is a lovely volume of poetical prose. It is this:

A burst of sudden wings at dawn,
Faint voices in a dreamy noon,
Evenings of mist and murmuring,
And nights with rainbows of the moon.
And through these things a wood-way
dim
And waters dim, and slow sheep seen
On uphill paths that wind away
Through summer sounds and harvest
green.
This is a song a robin sang
This morning on a broken tree,
It was about the little fields
That call across the world to me.

For this is the aspect of "My Ireland" upon which Lord Dunsany has concentrated. And everyone who knows and loves Ireland, and knows and loves its people (avoiding politics and religion, of course), will feel while they are

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

reading it that they are treading the Irish turf, watching the sad symphony of ever-changing cloud and sky, which is the common Irish scene. And thus, gazing upon and wandering about the corner of his country which he knows so well, he, at the same time, gives us a visual and mental picture of the whole of Ireland—so much more itself in country places than ever it is in big towns. As all individuals are, if naturally they possess individuality of character. And the majority of Irishmen are "characters"—love them or be exasperated by them though you be. Whereas most Englishmen try to march forward facing the Future, most Irishmen seem, as it were, to be shoved towards the Future while in sullen fury facing the Past. Ireland is a country of ancient history (mostly legendary) and legends (mostly mythical). But both history and legends, myths, superstitions, and "Old Wives'" tales, are remembered there, though superficially they may be denied. They are woven into the Irish mentality and they crop up in the most unexpected places—when Englishmen have forgotten their own completely. One of Lord Dunsany's quests while writing his book was to discover, for the benefit of English readers, exactly what Irishmen think of the new form of Irish government. Most people he asked evaded the subject, while looking anxiously over their shoulders to see if anyone was listening. But at last, a fictional character, Old Mickey, explained it for his countrymen. "'They'll want to know the truth,' I answered. 'That's the last thing they want,' said he. 'I'll tell you what they want, and you'd better give it to them . . . They both want the same. And you give it them as I tell you. The Irish have got what they wanted and clamoured for. Won't they want you to make it out the finest thing in the world? Of course they will. They'd look like bloody fools otherwise. And the English gave them the Free State. If that was the cleverest thing that the English ever did, won't they want all the credit for it? And, mind you, I'm not saying that it wasn't. But if it should turn out to be the damndest silliest thing they ever did in their lives, will they want you to be reminding them of that? It stands to reason they won't. They'd want you to help them to forget it; or leave them alone, to do that for themselves. And if you can't leave them alone, just say that it was the cleverest thing ever done. But don't go

and babble the truth to them: what would they want that for?'" And, finally, here is an Irish story which amused me vastly. "An Englishman arrived at a station in Dublin, and looking, no doubt, for what must be dear to a methodical man, the time, but finding it variously interpreted, said to a porter, 'Look here! Wot is the good of having two clocks if they are both different times?' 'And what,' said the porter, 'would be the good of having two clocks if they were both the same time?'" Nevertheless, this is not a book of Irish stories, simply because, as the writer declares, they have most all been told again and again already. It is a book which breathes, so to speak, the whole lovely atmosphere of the quiet Irish scene among the mountains and the wealds of Meath and West Meath; together with the life which is lived there almost undisturbed by the two greatest of Irish bores—religion and politics. Moreover, it is told in a manner which it is a joy to read—almost a prose poem with glimpses of sly, devastating humour from time to time, just to keep it "human" and so charm the more everyone who reads it.

**MARGERY LAWRENCE**

The latest portrait of the well-known novelist, whose newest book, "Overture to Life," is a big success. The authoress has already been approached about a film future for it. Margery Lawrence, who is Mrs. Arthur Towle in her private entity, sold one of her best books, "The Madonna of Seven Moons," to Gainsborough Films, and they are starting work on it this autumn

Survey of British Problems.

How tragically queer it seems in this queerly tragic world that when everybody, except a grim minority, (Continued on page 246)

COWES IN ALL ITS GLORY



MRS. SLOANE-STANLEY AND
SIR PHILIP HUNLOKE



COL. THE HON. HENRY GUEST (CENTRE)
AND THE HON. CHARLES AND MRS. RHYS



MR. CALTHORPE AND THE HON.
DENISE YARDE-BULLER



MR. JOHN COLVILLE AND HIS BROTHER AND
SISTER-IN-LAW, MR. DAVID AND LADY JOAN COLVILLE



LADY DUFFERIN



MISS SARAH BOWES-LYON, MRS. HERBERT MUSKER
AND MR. J. H. L. MUSKER

Cowes opened with something a bit less than even the proverbial yachtsman's breeze, and there was only just enough of it to prevent the races from degenerating into drifting matches. The 8-metre class boats were the only ones which managed to sail the full course, Mr. C. E. and Mr. A. W. Nicholson's "Sagitta" winning the contest in about 4½ hours. The above little gallery includes many very well-knowns, not the least so Sir Philip Hunloke, the ever-lamented "Britannia's" great helmsman; another is Colonel the Hon. Henry Guest, brother of Lord Wimborne and of poor Freddie Guest, who is badly missed. The Hon. Charles Rhys, who is in the same group with attractive wife, is Lord Dynevor's eldest son. The Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller, seen taking the sea air with Mr. Calthorpe, is one of Lord Churston's numerous sisters. Mr. David and Lady Joan Colville, who is a sister of Lord Jersey, and Mr. John Colville were in the family party which the Hon. George and Lady Cynthia Colville had at Beach House. The Hon. George Colville's "Moby Dick" is one of the many yachts in the Roads. Lady Dufferin is the former Miss Maureen Guinness, and a daughter of the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Guinness. Major and Mrs. Herbert Musker, in whose house-party Miss Sarah Bowes-Lyon was, were at The Lodge, and one of their other guests was Sir "Herky" Langrishe, without whom Cowes would not be Cowes. Miss Sarah Bowes-Lyon is a granddaughter of the Hon. Francis Bowes-Lyon, Lord Strathmore's brother

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

years after Peace as it years after Another Life there is never any Peace—Peace being merely the prelude to or the After-math from War. Through the Human Scene there runs an unseen yet vital thread which brings suffering, disaster and destruction to the whole beautiful pattern which Mankind is trying to weave out of his destiny. Even when the unseen thread is broken, the strands join up again and the whole ghastly game is played out as before. Nobody is ever able to place their finger on that thread. It is as illusive as quicksilver. The Young call it the Old, and the Old put it down to headstrong Youth. It is everybody's business to find out—and nobody's. That the human world is foolish, rather than mad, goes without saying. But how to bring any common sense to it, other than through self-destruction, thwarts always the Best Intentions. With the echoes of the Great War still pounding in human ears, one would have thought that the very name of Another War would have brought an answering shudder in every human mind and heart. It does to the majority, but the majority never seem to rule in this world—strange though it may appear to the Angels. The Minority, and often a handful of self-seeking men in that minority, assume control. It is all a question of mass-persuasion, backed up by fear and force. And yet, Life could be such a lovely thing on the whole, if only a world-wide peace and human understanding could allow man to live, develop and create Life after his own divinely inspired fashion! In England, anyway, the thought of another war is so unthinkable that the wise, in self-preservation of their peace-of-mind and all they hold most dear in their Beliefs, refuse to think of it. It is at once their wisdom and their foolishness.

How wise and how foolish they are is brought home vividly in Sir Philip Gibbs' absorbing, "uncomfortable" book, "Ordeal in England" (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.). Everybody should read it, because not only does it express what is passing in the mind of the Man-in-the-Street, but it tells to the Man-in-the-Street much that he wants to know, and can so seldom find out for himself. The book is, so to speak, a kind of Cavalcade of the ordeals which England has gone through in the last fifteen years, together with the problems which the country has still to face. As a summary of these ordeals, and as a clarification of much of the "mystery" which surrounds them for the ordinary man, it is masterly in its clear and easy-to-understand way. The passing of King George V., the advent of King Edward VIII. and his unhappy abdication (leaving behind it a dull, angry disappointment rather than a sense of real loss); the crowning of King George VI. and the happy augury which his character and sense of duty promises the nation—these items of recent history are related in a way which reflects perfectly the emotions they created at the time in the hearts and minds of most Englishmen, at home and in all parts of the world. Through these great ordeals England came in a manner which was an honour to

the race. But when we come to such events as the Royal Commission to enquire into the alleged abuses in the private manufacture of arms and the trading in weapons of war, a feeling of disquiet remains. It still remains as we consider British foreign policy since the war. It is intensified on such subjects as rearmament and the way it is being carried out; the blind worship of Fascism, Nazi-ism, Communism; which is reflected even in this country of comparative freedom, liberty and prosperity; and the generally neglectful attitude of the average English towards the grim menace of war which is gathering in the world, so that it seems as if Civilisation is about to destroy itself by the very discoveries which ought to make Peace more universally secure.

Sir Philip surveys the whole disquieting scene in a way which is as absorbing to read as it is uneasy to contemplate. He voices completely the unsaid thoughts of the average peace-loving man and woman, and the fear such thoughts bring in their train. "Thoughtful minds in England," he writes—"the book-lovers and the beauty-lovers and the ramblers through Surrey woods—have a sense of uneasiness, a distress in their souls, because they are afraid that intelligence is in retreat before primitive instinct, and that their liberty, their ways, their little bit of civilisation, may be menaced by the coming of the Goths out of the primeval forests. They hear from afar the howling of wolves." Democracy is such an undisciplined political system—though it be

the free-est and most liberty-loving. The forces being arrayed against it are, on the other hand, disciplined to the last man. Therein lies the danger to individual liberty in the future. Has, then, England gone soft? Allowing its youth, its young unemployed to waste away in a morass of unproductive idleness. The cult of individual liberty can be carried too far. It is up against concentrated force designed for an ultimate national end, and in this world undisciplined forces, as well as weakness, go to the wall. So Sir Philip sketches the present and the future of this England in a series of illuminating criticisms. He goes to the Universities to find out what educated Youth is thinking and scheming; he visits such men as Professor Harold Laski, of the London School of Economics, and Lord Allen of Hurtwood and Mr. Winston Churchill. These visits are a series of brilliant interviews with one object in view—to discover what these men think of the future of England and how the theories of which they are representative are making headway in the land. From beginning to end his book is interesting to a degree; a perfect companion volume to his already widely-read "England Speaks." But it is not the book for an easy optimist, but rather for the pessimist who is striving desperately to avoid the concrete conclusions of his own pessimism. And to this number most of us belong who willingly do not try to emulate the ostrich with his head buried in the sand.



Stuart Hamilton

THREE HARDWICKES AT HOME IN HERTS

Sir Cedric Hardwicke, lately back from filming in America, Lady Hardwicke and their only child, Edward. The famous actor and his wife, who plays under her maiden name of Helena Pickard, are now appearing in Malvern Festival productions, which this year include "The Apple Cart" (in which Sir Cedric created the part of King Magnus at Malvern in 1929), "The Millionaire", "Gammer Gurton's Needle", "Back to Sanity", and—for the first time on the modern stage—"Susanna." Sir Cedric Hardwicke's latest film success is in "King Solomon's Mines"

UP AND DOWN



AT CHEPSTOW: MR. AND MRS. O. BROCKLEBANK
AND (CENTRE) SIR FRANCIS WINNINGTON



MISS SUSAN WEBBER AND
MR. JOHN INGLEDEW

THE COUNTRYSIDE



SIR LAUNCELOT CRAWLEY-BOEVEY, MRS.
WILBRAHAM, AND LADY CRAWLEY-BOEVEY



AT HARROGATE SHOW: THE HON.
RONALD STRUTT AND MR. M. WEMYSS



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NORFOLK
AND HER WINNER



ALSO IN THE RING: LADY BELPER
AND LORD RUSHLIFFE

It seems quite unnecessary to record that everything all over England has been bathed in a cascade of sun, and in that western racing centre, Chepstow, the gallery found it nearly tropical. The camera has collected a few notabilities for us: amongst them Sir Francis Winnington, who used to be a Welsh Guard and whose seat, Stanford, is in Worcestershire. Miss Susan Webber, who is with Mr. Ingledew, is a daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Webber, of Cardiff, and Sir Launcelot Crawley-Boevey brought his wife over from Gloucestershire for the meeting. Lord Belper kindly lent Kingston Hall, in Derbyshire, for the Harrogate Agricultural Show, which seems as if it ought to have been held in Yorkshire; and, as may be noticed, many of the family are in the pictures, including his daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk, who got the first prize in the class for three-year-old fillies or geldings with her Firefly. The Hon. Ronald Strutt, Lord Belper's son and heir, is with Mr. Wemyss, who races a good deal in India, and was judging the hunters at this show. Lord Rushcliffe, who is with Lady Belper, may be better remembered as Sir Henry Bertton

CONCERNING GOLF : By HENRY LONGHURST

SCOTTISH readers sometimes tell me that there is not enough news of the golfing activities of their countrymen in these columns. That is a state of affairs that can be remedied, temporarily, at any rate, by an immediate and respectful lifting of the hat to H. McNally, the new Scottish Amateur Champion.

I was not present at the meeting at which he won his title, and therefore have to rely upon the newspaper reports for my information. These specifically stated that McNally, who is a miner, was actively engaged in hewing coal from the bowels of the earth during the night immediately previous to his reaching the semi-final. Obviously contrasting him with his English counterpart, Charles Stowe, who works at the pithead, the reports went on to say that he was the only miner who actually worked underground to reach the final of a national championship.

Assuming this to be true, I regard McNally's victory as an athletic achievement of tremendous distinction. Strong men like Leonard Crawley have testified to the effect of six days' hard labour in championship golf; others have ruined their digestion, while Bobby Jones—in a heat-wave, it is true—once lost no less than 18 pounds in weight during one tournament.

Personally, I am among those who find any form of physical activity before a golf match to be quite fatal to such form as I may possess, and I belong also to the numerous ranks of those who don't expect to hit the ball properly for at least six holes after driving a car to the course for a dozen miles.

The strain, of course, reaches its height on the penultimate day of a championship. Eight start out in the morning, two will survive for the final. Once one reaches the final, one can, as it were, start afresh.

Yet it was during the night preceding this day that the reports state that McNally worked in the pit. What a magnificent temperament and physique this man must have!

All the same, he has done the rest of us a serious disservice. He has blown sky-high every alibi commonly known and accepted among golfers and left us to think out an entirely new series. Gone are the days when "I did not sleep very well last night" carried weight on the first tee.

I mentioned some time ago the formation of an Anglo-French Golfing Society, the two presidents being Gerard Fairlie and André Vagliano. The object of the Society is to play two annual matches, one on each side of the water, and to further the general goodwill (not that it needs furthering

at the moment) between the golfers of the two countries. There is nothing whatever official about these matches, though it is true that a number of international players do take part in them. In view of this, we have come to the conclusion that "Anglo-French Golfing Society" sounds somewhat pompous, and we are therefore seeking a new and less distinguished title. Will any reader kindly oblige? "The Fairliano's" was an obvious compromise, but was discarded on the grounds of being a little too personal.

We played our French match at Deauville last week-end and were well and truly trimmed. The night crossing, believe me or not, took exactly fourteen hours from door to door, and we arrived, a quarter of an hour before we were due to start, in a state of complete exhaustion. Had not the excellent McNally already put paid to such excuses, I should say that we never had a chance. Saturday night at the Casino left the team but little chance on Sunday, and that was that.

Hastening to return in time to make an annual, much-ridiculed appearance on the cricket field (it seemed a long way to come in order to survive but two balls), I took the regular air service run by Captain Olley, one of the distinguished band of men who have flown more than a million miles. In this way the trip takes exactly one hour, plus about an hour and a quarter getting to and from the two airports. Straight over Brighton Pier, which is fun, and thence in twenty minutes to Croydon.

On my return I had to do some work on Sunday evening and, it still being comparatively light, went in search of a stimulant. August: Bank Holiday Sunday; time, 10.2 p.m.; streets crowded; "Sorry, sir—just closed." Hastening to the Café Royal for dinner, I am told "Sorry, sir—not a place in London where you can get a drink after ten to-day, even with dinner." Ten, mind you. And then they complain if one goes to the Continent for one's holiday. "See Britain First," indeed. It ought to be "See Britain Thirst"!



THE ANGLO-FRENCH GOLF MATCH AT DEAUVILLE

This match was played over the new course during the Bank Holiday week-end and France won 11 to 6. The group includes Mr. A. V. Bridgland, Mr. John Beck (winner of the President's Putter at Rye), Mr. Henry Longhurst (our golf correspondent), Mr. J. S. F. Morrison (a Rugger Blue), Major R. Middleton, Mr. E. Hewison, and Mr. Gerard Fairlie (Captain). The French players include M. Jaques L'Eglise, M. Carlihan and the Vicomte de San Sauveur, who are all amongst the best of the younger players, and M. André Vagliano, the doyen of French golfers



A NORTH BERWICK SNAPSHOT

Waiting at the first tee are Rear-Admiral B. H. R. Ramsay, recently Chief of Staff to the C-in-C, Home Fleet, Admiral Sir Roger Backhouse, and Captain the Hon. Henry O'Brien, who is Lord Haddington's brother-in-law and an uncle of Lord Inchiquin

A GROUP OF INTERNATIONAL ATHLETICISM



AT THE INTERNATIONAL ATHLETIC MEETING LUNCHEON—BY "MEL"

The Directors of the White City Stadium, Ltd., gave a luncheon-party at the Savoy Hotel to meet the British and Foreign Athletes who took part in the International Meeting on Bank Holiday. Celebrities past and present attended, and speeches were made by Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, Mr. D. G. A. Lowe, a former Olympic champion, now on the International Board, Major B. C. Hartley, and Mr. John P. Nicholson, of the U.S.A. The meeting at the White City provided thrills for a crowd of 70,000. Ben Johnson (U.S.A.) did the 100 yards in 9.8 seconds. Great Britain won four track events and occupied second and third places in both sprints as well as winning the Relay Race against U.S.A. and Hungary

DEAUVILLE GAY



FACING IT BRAVELY: MISS DOREEN HARRISON-BROADLEY AND THE COMTE DE FAUCAMBERG



THE HON. "SALLY" BANBURY AND MRS. TATTERSALL

AND GENIAL



MR. R. B. STRASSBURGER AND THE BEGUM AGA KHAN



H.H. PRINCE HALIM OF EGYPT

With some of the best of summer sunshine, a shiny sea, a spot of polo, the Casino, and no "abominable snow-men" or other monsters to interfere with the peaceful traffic of events, Deauville has been something like another Eden. In this little gallery are collected a few of the lucky inhabitants. Miss Harrison-Broadley, who was snapped with the Comte de Faucamberg at the Casino, is a daughter of a former Master of the Holderness. The Hon. "Sally" Banbury, who is with Mrs. Tattersall, is Lord Banbury's only sister; and the Begum Aga Khan is with one of the best-known racing owners on the Continent and U.S.A. newspaper owners. With three British regiments represented at the polo—Royals, Greys and 5th D.G.s—things have



LORD AND LADY DOVERDALE ENTERTAIN MR. AND MRS. JACK BARCLAY

BELOW: MR. AND MRS. LESTER STOEFEEN AND MR. BERRY WALL



M. HUBERT MENIER



been quite lively, and Prince Halim and M. Hubert Menier, son of the French chocolate king, who owns a château on the Loire, have been chipping in. Lord and Lady Doverdale left for the Riviera shortly after the above picture was taken. Mr. Lester Stoeffen is a member of "Big Bill" Tilden's lawn tennis troupe, and Mr. Berry Wall, who is an American, is one of the best-known and best-liked people in the Continental racing world—which is saying a lot



LADY SERENA JAMES

Cannons of Hollywood, Dover St.

The Earl of Scarbrough's only daughter is one of Yorkshire's many popular personalities. She has been married to the Hon. Robert James, son of the second Lord Northbourne, since 1923, and lives quite close to the Yorkshire Richmond. St. Nicholas is the attractive name of her attractive home. It has a wonderful garden, in which the Hon. Robert James, deservedly famous among Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society, is always planning further glories. Lady Serena James, whose little girls, Ursula Mary-Rose and Serena Fay, are in great request as bridesmaids, is a first cousin of Sir Roger Lumley, G.C.I.E., who was knighted by the King last week on his appointment as Governor of Bombay

LOYAL ULSTER AT STORMONT CASTLE



GUESTS OF ULSTER'S PREMIER:
LORD AND LADY DUNLEATH



CAPTAIN THE EARL OF KILMOREY, R.N.V.R.,
AND THE COUNTESS OF KILMOREY



SIR FREDERICK COATES AND HIS
SISTER, MISS JEAN COATES



VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS
MASSEREENE AND FERRARD



GENERAL SIR HARRY KNOX, K.C.B., D.S.O.,
WITH THE HON. MRS. LINZEE, LORD AND LADY
CRAIGAVON'S DAUGHTER



THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS
OF ELY

The childish spite of certain yahoos, bent apparently on holding Ireland up to world ridicule, only served to throw into brilliant relief the unbounded enthusiasm and expressions of loyalty aroused by the one-day visit of the King and Queen to Ulster. Here are some of the people invited by the Premier of the Northern Ireland Parliament and Lady Craigavon to a garden-party at Stormont Castle, which their Majesties attended after reviewing ex-Service men and women at Belfast's City Hall, lunching with the Governor and the Duchess of Abercorn at Hillsborough, and witnessing a Rally of Youth at Balmoral Show Grounds. Before re-embarking on the "Victoria and Albert," the King and Queen went on board H.M.S. "Caroline," where Lord Kilmorey, Commanding the Ulster Division R.N.V.R., received them. Lord Dunleath, as staunch an Orangeman as his father and grandfather, is a D.L. for County Down. Twenty-one-year-old Sir Frederick Coates's father, the late Sir William Coates, was five times Lord Mayor of Belfast. Lord Massereene and Ferrard is H.M.'s Lieutenant for County Antrim. General Sir Harry Knox, Adjutant-General to the Forces, was born in County Down. Lord Ely's Irish place is Ely Lodge, Enniskillen

AROUND THE AZURE COAST



MRS. ROBERT HOLT WITH
LADY DIANA GIBB



MORE SUNBROWERS: MAJOR AND MRS. STEWART
FORSTER AND MRS. DAVID WALKER HENEAGE



TROUSERS SUIT THE HON.
MRS. GREVILLE HOWARD



MISS NINETTE HEATON FROM
THE U.S.A.



FUN FOR ANTIBES: JIMMY NERVO, LESLIE
HENSON, BUD FLANAGAN



CICELY COURTNEIDGE AT EDEN ROC

According to the undress parade now showing down South, skins are being worn browner than ever this season. Mrs. Robert Holt, from Montreal, and Lord Lovelace's sister, new arrivals at Monte Carlo, sun-bathe conscientiously. So do the Stewart Forsters, and Major Maurice Cely Trevilian's daughter, whose father-in-law, Colonel Godfrey Walker Heneage, is Squire of Coker Court, near Yeovil. The Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles, Lord Harewood's sister-in-law, prefers backgammon. The Hon. Mrs. Greville Howard is Lord Suffolk's sister-in-law, and Miss Ninette Heaton, American ex-deb, is a sister of Jack Heaton, the Olympic Cresta rider. Cicely Courtneidge, will be home shortly to start rehearsing a new musical play. Jimmy Nervo and Bud Flanagan, are also due back soon, to team up with other members of the Gang in their new Palladium show, "London Rhapsody"

ON RIGHT: THE HON. MRS. EDWARD LASCELLES AND HER
BROTHER, CAPTAIN OSWALD BALFOUR, PLAY BACKGAMMON



ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

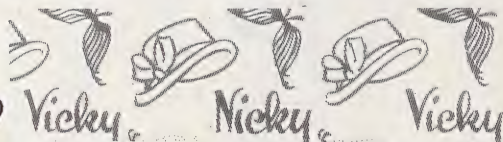
By J. B. PLATNAUER

Sarah Not So Simple

CAN A HUSBAND (DISGUISED) BE HIS OWN CO-RESPONDENT? : SARAH SIMPLE (LEONORA CORBETT)
"MR. SIMPLE" (A. R. WHATMORE) AND HOTEL WAITER (FREDERICK PIPER)

HOW do you, Madam, write the letter "V"? Do you make it with two plain strokes, or do you favour a feminine flourish before the essential first downward bar? And if so, is your embellishment horizontal or does it approach the vertical?

These questions have more than academic interest if you visit the Garrick Theatre to see Mr. A. A. Milne's comedy, *Sarah Simple*. In return for your sincipice, you will receive a programme bearing repetitively this strange device on its cover—



Studying this, it is easy to see how an extra squiggle on the V could turn it into an N, and make the two names identical.

Because of this extra bit of pothook (or is it a hanger?), Sarah Bendish (Miss Leonora Corbett), who was not so simple, became "Sarah Simple," fashionable hat-designer in New York; and William Bendish (Mr. A. R. Whatmore), her husband, nearly achieved the impossible feat of becoming his own co-respondent.

For Sarah, eight years ago, had left her husband—"to start a new life with Nicky," as the conventional note on the dressing-room table explained. At least, that is how Mr. Bendish read it. But when he came to put the machinery of the law into action, the only "Nicky" he could think of among his wife's men friends had a complete alibi. So, farce being farce, and Mr. A. P. Herbert's new Marriage Bill not being on the Statute Book, he gave up trying to get a divorce. Not till Sarah turned up eight years later at William's cottage in Kent to inquire, in the friendly manner of the best divorcées how her ex-husband was getting on, did she learn that she wasn't a divorcée after all; and at the same time, Bill learned that the name she had written was "Vicky," not "Nicky."

This was awkward. For when Sarah appears so nonchalantly after eight years of hats, New York, and Vicky (now deceased), the husband she had thought was an "ex," was endeavouring to persuade Marianne Bell-Mason (Miss Agnes Lauchlan, widow



YOUTH IS SO BORED : ALFTRUDA (BERYL LAVERICK)
AND AMYAS (ROBERT STANTON)



of a canon, to be his wife in fact only, and not in name. Not that Mr. Bendish was a *roué*. He was the unworldly sort of country gent, you expect to find in the pages of *Punch*, or in an A. A. Milne comedy, with a pedantic, semi-clerical manner which doubtless prejudiced the canon's widow in his favour—but not to the extent of permitting familiarities outside holy wedlock. She was horrified when she learned that matrimony was out of the question, and its only alternative a trip to Gibraltar for the purposes of camouflaging unmatrimonial intentions. She very properly gibbed at Gib.

Mrs. Bell-Mason (one of the Shropshire Bell-Masons—"Belle-Maison, a very old French family, you know") resembled the Mounties in that she always got her man—when she could. The only thing to do, she decided, with the nice regard for the proprieties—if not for the law against collusion—of a woman who has lived many years in a cathedral town, was for William to spend the night in his wife's apartment at the Rose and Crown, and thus supply himself with evidence of guilt. "I shall only be technically guilty," prophesies Mr. Bendish. "I'll probably read aloud to her."

Ours not to reason why, provided we are sufficiently amused. And amused some may be by Mr. Milne's neat sense of comedy situation and near-life characterisation. Most playgoers, too,

rightly concerned with entertainment rather than with the niceties of the drama, may even relish the sudden turn of comedy to broad farce in the last Act.

Comic hotel waiter with a mournful philosophy of life and a morbid passion for detective novels. Comic walrus moustache as a disguise for Mr. Bendish pretending to be Mr. Simple who stays with Mrs. S. at the Rose and Crown so as to provide "hotel evidence." Comic business with soup and moustache, with kisses and moustache, with waiter and moustache.

All very hearty and fairly clean fun, if one overlooks the slightly improper situations. Anyway, collusion in a walrus moustache can hardly be classed as eroticism. And Mr. Bendish *did* stay on the sofa reading—a horsehair sofa at that.

Samples of Milne jocularity—

(1) Mr. Bendish, to Canon's Widow: "Have you had any children?"
C's W. (coily): "No."

Mr. B.: "He was a clergyman, wasn't he?"

(2) Mrs. Bell-Mason: "Why haven't you divorced her? You aren't a Roman Catholic by any chance?"

Mr. Bendish: "Should I keep on kissing a Canon's widow if I were?"

It is only fair to say that the audience on the night I was present, including a large proportion of the parsons who can invariably be numbered in Mr. Milne's flock, seemed to enjoy this.

Both character and comedy were ably defined by a cast of six, with rather more stress on the comedy and less on the character, by Mr.

A. R. Whatmore as Bendish (whose heavy precision suggested the schoolmaster rather than the dilettante inventor of a corkscrew), Mr. Frederick Piper as the lugubrious waiter, and Miss Agnes Lauchlan as the voluble Mrs. Bell-Mason. Miss Leonora Corbett as Sarah Simple provided the clearest cut character of all, and an example of crisp comedy acting which was all the better for being free from the more obvious methods of farce.

Mr. Robert Stanton and Miss Beryl Laverick, as minor Milne-ites, adequately

depicted the languors and insolences of precocious youth.



WIFE ARRIVES, WOULD-BE
WIFE DEPARTS: LEONORA
CORBETT, A. R. WHATMORE,
AGNES LAUCLAN

TOM TIT



Studio Piaz

Mlle. SIMONE TOURNIER-LECLERC

A young French cinema actress who specialises, to a certain extent, in boyish parts on the screen. Mlle. Simone Tournier-Leclerc also definitely prefers a sporting cut to her clothes, and this mode suits her well

OFF at last, Très Cher! Miss Chrysler of empty vintage (I am beginning to lose count of the years!) purrs throatily, for her silencer needs tightening, in the *cour d'honneur* below, the luggage is being carried down, the cat is cursing in its basket; and now, at this very last moment, I find I have forgotten two things: (1) to pack a certain suitcase with small gifts for the annual charity fête on the Island; and (2) write this letter! The packing will not take long, but the letter . . . *ça c'est autre chose*; so I propose, instead, to send you the following notes that are my tyke's "very own impressions" of the International Dog Show that took place last week. He and I have long conversations by word of eye, and these jottings are the outcome of them same!

DOG NOTES AT THE HUMAN SHOW.

By A. Skye.

What funny things one sees from behind the bars of one's cage! It is difficult sometimes not to show one's teeth. The way perfect strangers try to pat us with their disgusting hands is very upsetting. It is true that we were all a bit on edge this year. Imagine having a three-day show and in July instead of the usual two-in-April! The Société de la Centrale Canine ought to be snarling well ashamed of itself! It jollied us along, pretending that, on account of the Exposition 1937, it would be better to have the show later in the year (the Dog Days were obviously indicated!), and that, at all events, the affair would be a bigger bark than usual and would take place at the Grand Palais! The Grand Palais indeed! It was the old Porte de Versailles, just as it always is, with all the dust and grit one invariably finds there! To make everything quite happy and pleasant, the S.C.C. didn't even allow us to take our owners out for lunch. Said there was an adequate buffet for dogs and humans. Buffet my lead and collar! I don't know what the food they expected us

Priscilla in Paris

to eat was like, because, on show days, my missus gives me the sort of breakfast that lasts me till everything's over but the barking, but, judging from what I heard my pals say, there was more waiting than eating! The waiters were all Front Populaire, and must have finished their forty-hour week before they ever reached the show!

In the usual fashion of the moment, nothing was ready. The signs that displayed the names of the various breeds were propped haphazard against the walls until the middle of the second day. The visitors had to manage as best they could. Bless my fringe and parting if some of them didn't mistake the Cairns for the West White Highlands, and they were all quite positive that the Bedlington's were lambs left over from the Sheep Show! One of these two-footed Fools (such a mongrel!) asked about us, and pronounced our name as if we were some kind of winter sport. "C'est ça un Skee?" he asked. "Mais oui," answered my Best Loved. "They come from Switzerland!" I laffed

and she laffed and all the other Skee-owners laffed too. . . . But it wasn't the sort of joke that one really enjoys! It's rather fun being a Skye. If one has any discernment one becomes quite a *connaisseur* in ankles. One is just on the right level to appreciate them. My missus being a friend of Mistinguet, Josephine Baker, Laure Diana, and a few other ladies with lovely limbs, my standard is a high one, but I give the C.A.C. and a gold medal to Miss Ada King for hers! They are quite the neatest I've ever seen, and her champion West White Highlands can be as proud of their lady as she is of them!

I met another charming Human when we were walking round in circles on a railed-in piece of ground that smelled too, too divinely! I think her name was "Our Miss Bruce." She had delightful hands and such a nice voice, but she was, perhaps, a thought familiar in the way she felt my ribs, opened my mouth, and ruffled my hair! However, being French-bred I refrained from growling—*toujours la politesse*! Another nice pair of ankles belonged to Mme. Chamart-Herault, who was shown by one of the loveliest Skyes I have ever had the honour of nose-sniffing, a Holmesdale champion who actually condescended to romp with me—a mere runner-up—when Our Miss Bruce wasn't looking.

There were also some excellent male extremities. First Prize to Mr. Ogden Bishop—very natty! His Cairns are to be congratulated. And the highest award also to Captain Phipps, who is as good a judge of a smart shoe and sock as he is of Scotch terriers. When I returned to my box on the grand tier I found myself *nez-à-nez* with pretty Mrs. Williams, whose Scotties are canine world-famous. They tell me that she won the cup that was given by President Lebrun. She certainly deserved it, both for looks and smartness. A dog likes his missus to be a good dresser! My best tail-wags to the Comtesse de Parceval, who is President of the A.T.E. (Amateurs des Terriers d'Écosse), for the way she stood up for the club's interests and the nice way she spoke about us "over the air." I got in a couple of barks myself, but it seems I wrecked the "mike." It was a great show, and may I be there to take my missus to the next one.—*Entrée de la Chamardière.*

PRISCILLA.



Star Presse

Mlle. JANY HOLT

It is difficult to believe that the charming original of this sophisticated studio portrait could play a precocious twelve-year-old schoolgirl to the life, but Mlle. Jany Holt did so in the French version of "The Children's Hour," staged in Paris last autumn. She is equally well known on the screen

to Mr. Ogden Bishop—very natty! His Cairns are to be congratulated. And the highest award also to Captain Phipps, who is as good a judge of a smart shoe and sock as he is of Scotch terriers. When I returned to my box on the grand tier I found myself *nez-à-nez* with pretty Mrs. Williams, whose Scotties are canine world-famous. They tell me that she won the cup that was given by President Lebrun. She certainly deserved it, both for looks and smartness. A dog likes his missus to be a good dresser! My best tail-wags to the Comtesse de Parceval, who is President of the A.T.E. (Amateurs des Terriers d'Écosse), for the way she stood up for the club's interests and the nice way she spoke about us "over the air." I got in a couple of barks myself, but it seems I wrecked the "mike." It was a great show, and may I be there to take my missus to the next one.—*Entrée de la Chamardière.*

SOME LOVELIES OF THE SCREEN



ANDREA LEEDS

The photographer who took this charming portrait of Andrea Leeds describes her tantalisingly as "Hollywood's most-kissed girl"—and leaves it at that, without a word of explanation or "directions for use." However, her big hit was in a picture called *Come and Get It*, and this, no doubt, explains the present waiting-list for west-bound Atlantic liners. Carole Lombard was with Clark Gable at a banquet given in Hollywood to the Italian Ambassador. She is at present represented in London in *Gold Diggers of 1937*. Judy Garland is not the owner of all the intelligent-looking "bunch o' dawgs" at her feet, they are "supers" in *M.-G.-M.'s Broadway Melody of 1938*



CAROLE LOMBARD AND CLARK GABLE



JUDY GARLAND AND THE HOLLYWOOD HOUNDS

AS IT IS IN WILTS

Country life at Lady
Blanche Douglas' home



LADY ROSEMARY ELIOT
AND HER BUDGERIGARS



"HOW YOU MADE ME JUMP!"

These pictures come from Manor Farm, Sherston, where Lady Blanche Douglas, the Duke of Beaufort's sister, lives with her two daughters, Lady Rosemary and Lady Kathleen Eliot, and her son by her second marriage, Sir James Douglas. Lately Miss Bridget Varley has been a welcome visitor. She is seen above jumping, not for joy, but in an endeavour to escape a barrage of crab apples shrewdly aimed by sixteen-year-old Lady Kathleen. Lady Rosemary Eliot came out this year and was presented at Court



TROUSERS ARE THE THING: LADY ROSEMARY AND LADY KATHLEEN ELIOT
AND MISS BRIDGET VARLEY DRESSED FOR COUNTRY ACTIVITIES



Photographs: Swatch
SIR JAMES DOUGLAS AND HIS HALF-SISTER,
LADY ROSEMARY ELIOT



SHIRLEY TEMPLE AS "WEE WILLIE WINKIE"

From a painting by A. HINCHLIFFE

Shirley Temple wears a kilt in her latest film, *Wee Willie Winkie*, adapted by Twentieth Century-Fox from the famous story by Rudyard Kipling. With her in this film, which is due in London soon, are Victor McLaglen, C. Aubrey Smith, June Lang, Cesar Romero, Constance Collier and little Douglas Scott. It was a very attractive story that Kipling wrote, this tale of the small boy who was so anxious to be a soldier and was captured by the budmashes—who are ungentlemanly people of the North-west frontier. Purists may question whether the rifle that Shirley Temple carries is of the pattern used in the Service at the date of the great writer's story (1888), but it is correct that khaki uniform was worn by British troops in the East as long ago as the 1850's, and not only since the Boer War, as commonly believed.



POLPERRO

By VICTOR

Polperro is a little hidden fishing village on the south coast of Cornwall, a mile or two to the west of Looe, but its fame is well-nigh world-wide. This by reason of its own particular charm, an attractiveness very hard to equal. The houses give the impression of having been jammed by main force into a narrow cleft in the steep hillsides that tower above them; the harbour is a mere cranny in the rock. A little to the left outside the picture is the harbour entrance, the rough sea-wall seen on the left comes across nearly so close as to meet the quay. Outside is a narrow passage little wider than a road with sheer rocks to port and starboard. When the gales blow in from southward the wild seas climb and mount in this narrow gut, and across the harbour entrance the



POLPERRO

by VICTOR HEARN

Polperro men lower great baulks of timber in a groove like the guide of a portcullis till there is a solid wall against the seas and the little port is shut in as by the closing of a door. In shadow in the middle distance is the fish market; away to the right the road goes winding up the hill towards Looe and the inland towns. This was a great haunt of smugglers, this little town, and so general was the trade that preventive officers sent to Polperro were forced to live in their cutter in the open outside the harbour, for the Polperrans would not admit them within their boundaries. A charming little place it is, but it needs one word of warning: the harbour dries out at low tide, leaving all that is in it exposed; therefore, if you go there on a hot summer's day—go at high water!



PEPYS
into this
THIRST
QUESTION

AUGUST 1ST Up early, and away in Mr. Fisher's motor carriage, with my wife, Mr. Fisher, his wife and their child Shirley,

to our water party up the river. An ill journey, Mr. Fisher's carriage making much noise with little speed and not being intended by its makers for five persons and a meddlesome dog. Arrived at Marlow, we chartered a punt, Mr. Fisher guiding it (none too well) until we were come into a narrow backwater with a neighbouring inn. From which inn we fetched good store of Schweppes' Sparkling Grape Fruit and Sparkling Lime, proper drinks for sun-dry throats. So, upon a smooth green bank facing a great tree, we took our luncheon. And, wearied by the chatter of the child and the clamour of the dog, we were mightily thankful for the gentle solace of those cool drinks for which the House of Schweppes is justly famous.



BE SURE YOU SAY
Schweppes



PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

"UNDER THE RED ROBE" FILMED



WYNDHAM GOLDIE (DUC DE FOIX), CONRAD VEIDT (GIL DE BERAULT), SOPHIE STEWART (DUCHESS DE FOIX), ANNABELLA (LADY MARGUERITE), RALPH TRUMAN (CAPTAIN AT THE CASTLE), ERIC HALES (THE LIEUTENANT)



RAYMOND MASSEY
(RICHELIEU)



ROMNEY
BRENT
(MARIUS)



ANNABELLA AND WYNDHAM GOLDIE

Conrad Veidt, as was only to be anticipated, has a part made to fit him as Gil de Berault, Stanley Weyman's picturesque hero in that great story which was first published in 1894, and the lovely Annabella is equally well cast for Lady Marguerite, sister of the rebel Duc de Foix (Wyndham Goldie), whom de Berault has been detailed to bring in, the price of failure, as we all remember, being his own head. Conrad Veidt gets right into the skin of the swash-buckling "Black Death," duellist and adventurer, condemned to death for having killed one of his many victims in an affray in a gaming-house. Then Richelieu, magnificently played by Raymond Massey, pardons him and virtually commands him to espouse Marguerite, as all lovers of Stanley Weyman's great book will well remember. It is due at the New Gallery very shortly



SOPHIE STEWART, WYNDHAM GOLDIE
AND ANNABELLA (MARGUERITE)



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, CIRENCESTER, CRICKET XI.

A group of the cricketing enthusiasts of that famous place, the Cirencester Agricultural College, future pillars of an industry which is at last receiving sadly belated attention from the powers that be. The names are: (standing) F. Barrett, R. Sutton-Nelthorpe, F. Streetfield-Moore, H. L. Knapp, R. L. Coka, W. T. Grahamsley, A. Noble, C. H. Moore; (seated) C. Tyler, H. N. Jacobs, I. G. Sandeman, H. Birkbeck (captain), C. Tyler and F. C. Elliott

A RECENT item of Spanish war news was presented to me whilst I was in Germany, and I think should at once dispel the oft-repeated assertion that the inhabitants of that country have no sense of humour. When telling-off the prisoners captured in a more or less recent scrap, the officer-in-charge came upon a man who did not look quite like what he thought he should, so he said: "And what are you?" "A Spaniard!" said the man.

"A Spaniard?" said the officer. "What the blazes are you doing here?"

Another yarn, also from Germany and told me by a German officer, illustrates the danger of the travelling Briton believing that no one

understands English outside of England. The scene: a railway carriage; actors: a man, in the fashionable hat of Bavaria with a shaving-brush at back, with good-looking wife; and two tired youths of the ultra-artistic type. One of the latter said to his friend: "Not a bad-lookin' wench, for a foreigner!" And the other replied: "Yes, and the cove with her looks pretty good for a beer-swilling German."

Then an earthquake happened. The man with a shaving-brush in his hat, worn only to conform to local fashion, burst out in good, honest Broughty Ferry and damned them from their "perm"-waved heads and low-necked silken shirts to their sandal shoon and feet, and said he was almost ashamed to be a countryman of theirs. The two youths retired in disorder, probably to powder their noses!

In the midst of all this talk about Abominable Snowmen, someone has made another effort to lighten our leaden hours and has told us that "Grand Committees are strictly business bodies, and what they have done towards restoring the efficiency

Pictures in the Fire

of the Parliamentary machine to a point far beyond what it ever reached before has yet to be computed."

Many of us have long suspected this, but have never been able to put it quite so pithily. We can now see, however, that if you restore a thing to something far beyond anything it ever was before, you arrive at a place of which you cannot even have

heard. Everything is now as clear as daylight.

This "abominable" man-hunt, as we see, is still going a great gallop, and the latest find is of some gentlemen by name of "Mahoni" who live in Alaska and who are much worse than the "Abominables" of Tibet, for they eat men, and for vegetables seem to prefer



AT A HIGHLAND FÊTE AT LETHEN
Mrs. Brodie of Lethen, who opened this recent fête, talking to Lord Leven and Melville. The fête was in aid of the Ardlach and Auldearn Nursing Association



NORTH BERWICK COMES TO VIGOROUS LIFE

Two of the rapidly increasing army of occupation which always moves into position about this time of the year. In the picture are Mr. Andrew Atha, who married a niece of Sir Horace Rumbold, and Miss Evelyn Coats, of the famous Paisley family



WATCHING RACING FROM RYDE PIER

Lord Queenborough, Commodore R.T.Y.C., and Lady Cynthia Tothill, Lord Bandon's sister, at the Royal Thames Yacht Club's Regatta, held off Ryde at the end of last month. Mrs. Arthur Paget's husband, Captain Arthur Paget, is one of Queen Mary's Equeuries. Jolly sailing weather reigns supreme in the Solent area and Cowes was at its gayest for the big regatta

By "SABRETACHE"



ALSO AT THE LEVEN FÊTE

Lady Constance Cairns, seen on the advance with Captain Oldfield, is an aunt of the Duchess of Gloucester, and married the late Hon. Douglas Cairns, who died last year and was a son of the first Lord Cairns



MR. C. E. NICHOLSON AND ADMIRAL AUSTIN

Another photograph taken at the recent four-day regatta of the Royal Thames Yacht Club. Mr. Nicholson, a member of the famous firm which designed and built the "Endeavour", owns jointly with his brother the eight-metre "Sagitta"

a giant forest pine, which they devour, roots and all. This "Mahoni" business, I greatly fear, will be regarded as yet another injustice to old Ireland. I do not see why people should be so nasty about these man-monsters.

If you can believe in a Loch Ness monster that lived 150,000,000 years ago, why not in a man-monster whose date may be about 1,000,000—quite modern in a manner of speaking? Man was the dominant type at that Quaternary period and he may have had outside feet. It was just about the time when man was beginning to hold his own against the dinosaurs.

Only last week I was privileged to inspect the mangled remains of a gentleman who lived on Lake Constance in 2200 B.C. at a lovely spot called Unteruhldingen. This chap was well over 7 feet high, and his womenfolk were all six-footers and, they say, just as fierce. He had come to a bloody end, as his skull bore marks of having been dented by what Sir Bernard Spilsbury calls a "blunt instrument." Whoever it was did him in made a thoroughly good job of it. Before this unfortunate occurrence he must have had to work his passage pretty hard, as his left shin-bone had been broken. It was beautifully set, so they must have had some fairly good surgeons in those times. There is no perceptible shortening, which, of course, there would have been if it had been left to Dr. Nature, who, in her well-meaning way, at once sets about pulling things together the moment they are broken. They say that they have come upon a regular cemetery of these hefty



Dennis Moss

THE ACROBATS CRICKET XI, 1937

The Acrobats are a team whose stamping ground includes Cirencester. Details of their achievements are not to hand, but the general information is to the effect that they have been having as pleasant a time as do all clubs not compelled to take the restful bat-and-ball game too seriously. The names in the group are:

(Standing, l. to r.) T. A. S. O. Malthus, E. Grimsdale, A. Best, A. Chrystal, H. de B. Prichard, H. Blagrove, R. M. Phillips; (seated) W. S. Miles, E. O. Blackley, R. J. Norbury, L. E. W. Williams, B. D. S. Porter

persons at Unteruhldingen, and they have a marvellous museum full of their weapons, pottery, needles, fish-hooks, ear-rings, and so forth. Many of their dwellings have also been dug out, and they tell you that twenty-six complete ones have been unearthed. Replicas are on view for the instruction of the confiding tourist. The originals, I understand, are in Munich, Berlin, and elsewhere. If there were these giants, what reason is there why some other giants may not have survived and be still scratching up an uncomfortable existence in some other parts of the world? But why pick on such an uncomfortable and inhospitable place as Tibet? One of prehistoric German man's weapons appears to have been the boomerang, a very similar weapon to the one the Australian aboriginal uses, but I find it difficult to believe that these magnificent seven-footers, who came down from the north of Germany to the delectable south, can have any possible kinship with the wretched specimens seen in Australia. These Germans must have been men. I find it difficult to believe that the Australian aboriginal can ever have been even as good as a monkey.

Living as I have been recently along the shores of the biggest fresh-water loch in Europe, it struck me as strange that no local publicity merchant has even so much as thought of starting a "monster" as an additional attraction to an already very desirable place. "Konstanz" is far bigger than Loch Ness, and though any monster from the sea like the ones they have in Loch Ness might find the Rhine Falls at



Balmuir

MORE NORTH BERWICK ARRIVALS

Miss Evelyn Baird, daughter of Lady Hersey Baird and a niece of Lord Conyngham, plays a round with Sir Edward Seymour, who is her uncle by marriage, as his wife is the former Lady Blanche Conyngham, Lady Hersey Baird's eldest sister

(Continued on page 11)

POLO NOTES : "SERREFILE"

By

OWING to a recent absence in Germany on pleasure rather than strongly diluted with business, a letter from the C.O. 10th Hussars, I regret to say, has remained unanswered longer than would otherwise have been the case. It is with regard to the apparent absence of troops from polo matches that the C.O. has written to me. He says, and I am very glad to read his words :

"Firstly, over a hundred of the 10th Royal Hussars, N.C.O.s and men, were present at the final to cheer their officers on. This was at considerable expense to themselves, for they had to pay their way from Tidworth (75 miles). Perhaps 'Serrefile' does not realise the fact that soldiers are now allowed to wear plain clothes. I cannot give the figures, but I do know that there were also a number of men from the 15/19th King's Royal Hussars present."

Firstly, I am fully aware of the order about civilian clothes. If soldiers prefer them to uniform on an occasion like this, how can anyone tell whether they are soldiers or civilians? Secondly, the C.O. seems to think that I cast an aspersions upon the two teams engaged because I said that as they were on *that day*, neither would have won an Inter-Regimental in the ordinary course. I was hardly singular in my opinion. Neither was at full strength. I am told that my criticism was "destructive." I cannot admit that it was. Usually I have been accused of being too much the other way on.

A case in point of what perhaps some people may again call opinionism I provide at once. These were the teams for this recent match at Tidworth :

Tidworth: Captain C. B. C. Harvey (10th Hussars), Lieut.-Col. R. L. McCreery (12th Lancers), Mr. A. M. Horsburgh-Porter (12th Lancers), Captain D. Dawnay (10th Hussars).

Aldershot: Mr. H. Washington Hibbert (Bays), Captain B. J. Fowler (R.H.A.), Lieut.-Col. E. M. Fanshawe (Bays), Captain H. P. Guinness (Greys).

You could pick at least one smashing good Army team out of these eight names, and if Major C. H. Gairdner, Captain W. R. N. Hinde, and Captain G. E. Prior-Palmer are added to the brew, it would not be peculiarly difficult to pick two teams that might bother even the best the American Army can produce.

We have in Captain H. P. Guinness, Lieut.-Col. R. L. McCreery, Lieut.-Col. Evelyn Fanshawe, Captain G. E. Prior-Palmer, Major C. H. Gairdner, Mr. A. M. Horsburgh-Porter, Captain W. R. N. Hinde (15/19th Hussars)—and I put a star against his name—Captain B. J. Fowler, and Captain D. Dawnay a bunch of talent that it would be easy to mould into a team that would go pretty well, even in the American Open, *provided we put it together and kept it together for the necessary period*. Unless that is done you would have no business to hope to win, even with four magicians mounted on magic carpets. It seems a pity that whilst we have all this good stuff we should not do something with it. The pick of this year's sides in the Inter-Regimental is just about as good as we have ever had, even if the general run of the teams has not been

good. The 12th Lancers were probably the pick *quâ team* this year, and next to them the 10th, who beat them, but who were not a good side the day they won the final, beating the 15/19th Hussars. They did wonders, of course, to get into shape at all so soon after coming home from India, and they fully deserve all the praise that has been heaped upon them; but they know without being told that they were not themselves. My point is that, with all this to hand, why should not the Army Polo Association seriously consider having a smack at the American Army next year? The year after we may not have all this good ammunition, or even if we have, an infernal war may start and blow everything endways. The Germans won't lay more than even money. The present moment, therefore, seems peculiarly opportune.

En passant, congratulations to the 12th Lancers on their win in the Subalterns' Gold Cup, which, owing to my absence on a recent spot of leave, I was unable to see. As adventured in these notes, written on the eve of departure, it looked the certainty which it eventually proved, and the score, 10 to 3, just about indicates the relative values of the two finalists in this contest. The 12th had three-quarters of their regimental side; the 15/19th, having been at York ever since last season, have never had a real chance of getting the kind of practice that any team has got to have for serious war. We saw the result of this in the Inter-Regimental and in the Subalterns'; the 15/19th subalterns were up against a team pretty nearly good enough and fast enough to look after itself in the Inter-Regimental. However, polo always moves in cycles, and in Captain W. R. N. Hinde the 15/19th have got the best kind of schoolmaster.

Owing to circumstances over which I have no control—the lack of space at this season of the year—it is not possible to do more than draw particular attention to the most excellent articles on this polo game which have been written by that knowledgeable and very acute critic, Brig.-Gen. R. L. Ricketts, and published in our friends, the *Polo Monthly* and *The Times*. When I get room, I hope to review them as they deserve, but in the meanwhile I think it would do everyone who plays polo the greatest possible good to read them. General Ricketts knows what he is talking about, has a very pungent and direct style of putting his ideas upon paper, and is right all the way in what he says. The main burden of his song is that in polo people are expected to be where they are placed. A man who is told off to play No. 1 and insists upon trying to play back, as we have seen demonstrated more than once this season, and last, in our tussles with the invader, might just as well be sitting in the stand for all the use he is to his side. General Ricketts also enunciates a basic truth when he says that a man "play everywhere." We want a red-hot reformer like this, and I hope he is going to give us more of it—lots more—in book form, for choice.



CAPTAIN TUCK, R.A., HON. SEC. KADIR CUP

Captain Tuck is the hon. secretary of the Meerut Tent Club, and for several years the organiser of the Kadir Cup meeting. He is "Friar" to his friends and fellow pig-stickers, and had a very deserving win at the Kadir Meeting last year. "Manifest," his star performer, has several cups to his credit, with his present and former owner, Major H. McA. Richards, another Gunner and another Kadir Cup winner

Alice through the Guinness Glass



"Stand up and repeat 'Tis the voice of the lobster,'" said the Gryphon.

"But I can't remember the first verse," said Alice.

"Then go on with the next verse," the Gryphon replied impatiently; "it begins 'I passed by his garden'."

Alice did not dare to disobey, though she felt sure it would all come wrong, and she went on in a trembling voice:—

"I passed them a Guinness and marked with displeasure
How the Clerk and the Banker were sharing the treasure;
The Banker disposed of the contents complete,
While the Clerk had the glass as his share of the treat.
When the Guinness was finished, the Clerk, as a favour,
Was kindly permitted to hear of the flavour:
The Banker remarking, 'I really do think
That nought can compare with this excellent drink.
The head is so creamy, the flavour so mellow,
I'm glad to have shared it with you, my good fellow'."

"What is the use of repeating all that stuff?" the Mock Turtle interrupted.

"Yes, I think you'd better leave off now," said the Gryphon, "if that's only the second verse."

"But there's time for one more," said Alice.

"Then mine's a Guinness," shouted the Mock Turtle eagerly.



Sasha

ENID LOWE IN "LONDON RHAPSODY," AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM

"London Rhapsody," which is due to open at the Palladium on September 2nd, is a new George Black production and is built round London's entertainments, with Enid Lowe as the leading lady. All those amusing people, The Crazy Gang, are in it, and the main operators include, as most people know, Nervo and Knox, Flanagan and Allen, Naughton and Gold, the Wiere Brothers, and other talented people

A GIRL halted at a petrol station and was given a supply of petrol and oil. She then demanded that her car's tyres should be let down and blown up again.

When the garage hand asked for a reason for so extraordinary a request, she replied: "It's six weeks since that air was put in; it's bound to be stale now. I like fresh air in my tyres."

A man called on the editor of a local paper and announced that his uncle had been taking the paper for nearly seventy years.

"That's grand," said the gratified editor, "and I hope he'll continue to do so."

"And," went on the caller, "he's a really wonderful old man. He has always been a model of propriety. He has never drunk a drop of liquor in his life, nor touched tobacco in any shape or form. He has never used bad language, never been mixed up with women. He has had no vices and no excesses. And tomorrow he will celebrate his one hundredth birthday."

"How?" asked the editor.

The door-keeper hurried down the steps of the club to open the car door, and tripped and rolled down the last few steps.

The manager, who happened to be standing in the entrance, called out angrily: "For goodness sake be more careful, can't you? They'll think you're a member."

BUBBLE and SQUEAK



WENDY BARRIE IN THE "DEAD END" FILM

This film is not yet finished, but Hollywood is hard at work on it and the attractive young actress in the above picture is its leading light. It is as certain as most things can be that London will see this picture in due course

The irate customer marched into the tailor's shop.

"What kind of a business do you carry on here?" he demanded, angrily.

"What do you mean," countered the proprietor, "What's wrong?"

"What's wrong?" cried the customer, "I bought a grey suit here and it didn't even last me two months."

"Is that so?" returned the proprietor. "Well, how about the twenty dollars you paid for that suit? It didn't even last me two days."

At a popular seaside resort, a man was noticed going down the beach to bathe with a straw hat on his head. Naturally, everybody stared, and one curious man asked him why he bathed with this headgear on.

"Well, you see," was the reply, "I'm not a very good swimmer, and when my hat begins to float, I know I'm out of my depth."

A cricket match was being played in a country village. Towards the end of the villagers' team there came a man who had only one pad on, and this he was wearing on the wrong leg.

"Do you know you've got your pad on the wrong leg?" asked a player.

The villager looked at himself, then up and down the wicket, and replied: "That's as may be, but when I put it on that feller was bowlin' t'other end."

"SCOTCH" stands for

SPEY ROYAL



GILBEY'S

FAMOUS OLD WHISKY

LAWN TENNIS ::

By
"RABBIT"

BY the time these words appear in print it will really be stale news, in a way, that we have lost the Davis Cup to America. But the post-mortems that have resulted from that defeat are important—infinity more important, in my opinion, than all the prophecies that preceded the match. Some critics of the game who cannot distinguish between patriotism and common sense were so foolish as to suggest that we had a chance of holding the Cup for another year without the assistance of Perry. For my own part, I suggested several weeks ago on this page that we should be overwhelmingly defeated, whoever our opponents were, Germany or America. And so it eventually proved. For Austin was the only member of the side to win a single match, which he did on the first day. His victory over Parker was the only match that one could have predicted with any confidence as going to our side, because it happens they both play the same sort of game and Austin is better at it. Moreover, on the day itself, Parker was clearly suffering from nerves at making his début in the challenge round, and could not do himself justice at all.

However, those who had been sniffy about Parker's claims to a position in his country's Davis Cup side must have felt set back a good deal after the result of his match on the third day against Charlie Hare, who had covered himself with such glory against Budge. But in that case it was the old, old story of someone with nothing to lose and everything to win. He knew that if Budge defeated him in three love sets no one could be censorious, considering the Californian's record during the last few weeks. But when he came on court to face Parker, it was a very different cup of tea. For now across the net he was facing an adversary whom he was expected to defeat, whereas he knew in his heart that his supporters were being over-optimistic and putting too much reliance on his fluke success on the opening day.

Mind you, I am not suggesting that in Hare we have not got very promising Davis Cup material, but as I pointed out also on this page recently, he is too unreliable off the ground as yet to hold his own for long in the best company. I do hope most sincerely that he will concentrate this winter not on playing in tournaments in the South of France and gaining cup-glory, but, instead, on practising in secret with Maskell until his defective back-hand—which is taken much too near his body—is improved out of all recognition before another season starts.

As for Austin, there is no need to give him the advice of not playing in too many tournaments, because he has set his tennis countrymen a wonderful example in this respect. He conserves his energy and the edge of his weapons for the big occasions. It is true that he failed against Budge. Indeed, as the contest for the Cup was over, this particular match was taken so light-heartedly that, after the second set, they exchanged rackets and, crossing over between games, held a little tea-party all to themselves, sitting on the ice-chest. It is true, I repeat, that Austin failed against Budge, but surely that was to be expected when you consider that his adversary had won all the last twenty-five matches that he had played at Wimbledon. During the championships he only sacrificed one set—and that to his fellow-countryman, Parker, in the singles—and those who thought that he might crack before the challenge round was over must have been sorely disappointed.

All the same, I do hope that the American authorities,

now that the Cup has come safely to harbour once more in the States and is likely to stay there for a long time, will have mercy on Budge and not murder him by making him stale by too much play. The tennis mechanism of a giant such as he is such a delicate structure that the slightest thing



Pearl Freeman

NOW IN THE U.S.A.: MISS FREDA JAMES

Miss Freda James left for America on July 21 to play in the Wightman Cup matches. She will also play in the American Championship, the holder of which, Miss Alice Marble, she recently defeated. Later on she is to visit Australia and New Zealand



Stuart

CONTENDING FOR THE WIGHTMAN CUP: MISS MARY HARDWICK, MISS KAY STAMMERS AND MISS MARGOT LUMB

The three star players above are also in America in search of the Wightman Cup. Miss Hardwick and Miss Lumb are new as internationals, though the latter is American as well as British Champion of Squash

the other hand, when a chance or opportunity occurs to send a team abroad for the championships of America or Germany or some such important meeting, likely enough all the wrong names are chosen so that one wonders whether the selectors fall back on the old hat method.

For instance, take the case of E. J. Filby. Here is a young man who for years was disregarded by the L.T.A., despite the praise of the critics; who for years went around from tournament to tournament, little by little getting nearer and nearer the final rounds; who at last found himself in the position of being taken up by the L.T.A., so that his future seemed assured. And then what happened? He is left out of the side going to the States early in August.

And the reason? Well, rumour has it that some member of the Selection Committee, snooping round the outside courts at Wimbledon during the playing of the Plate matches found Filby in a rather temperamental mood, behaving, perhaps, not in the best public school manner. What did

(Continued on page 287)

how
to write it
and yet
not
hurt his feelings?...



ever noticed
how
a cigarette
will help you
over
this
difficult problem?...



seeming
to marshal
your chaotic thoughts
into
lovely
smooth
easy-running phrases.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

LAST AID

By WILLIAM REEVES



"He lay still, powerless, he says, to move, whilst the two hands searched for and manipulated the leaders in his wrist and fingers."

"YOU promised to amuse us some time, Phillips, with the story of that sudden visit of yours to Germany last year. Why not to-night?"

"'Amaze' was the word I used, not 'amuse,' but if you'd care to hear the case I'll change names and give you the facts."

We drew our chairs up, ordered another round of drinks and prepared to listen, for Phillips was a doctor worth listening to, being the type who never opens out just for the sake of talking.

"The case first came to my notice," he said, settling back in his chair, "through the Secretary of the Home for Crippled Children, in whose welfare, as you know, I take a pretty active interest. It started in the form of a peculiarly worded letter received by her from a man named Gibson, living somewhere in the north of London. The letter was, in fact, such an unusual one that, apart from a formal acknowledgment, it was left over for my special attention. The letter read something like this:

"I am enclosing a cheque for £11 10s., being a donation to the funds of your Institution. If you are willing to accept this and further drafts from me, solely as donations from the Minister of Pensions, and will confirm and properly certify that all entries in your books, receipts, etc., will be marked accordingly, I will arrange for a similar sum—that is, £11 10s.—to be paid into your very deserving account monthly. The receipts will need to be sent to my bank.

Yours, etc.,
ALAN GIBSON."

"The conclusion that I jumped to at once was that Alan Gibson was a war pensioner, suffering either from an attack of hallucinations or a bout of conscience. I have had, as you know, a pretty wide experience in dealing with cripples of all kinds, and did not, therefore, make the mistake of attempting to get into touch with Gibson. Instead, I called upon a friend of mine in the Pensions Pay Office, who soon traced Gibson through the address he had given. I was surprised, by the way, at the tremendous number of Gibsons who are still drawing disablement pensions. His real name was just about as uncommon as Gibson is common.

"From his record, Gibson, it appeared, had suffered a bad right-hand wound in 1917 at the time of his capture in France by the Germans. I will not give you the exact diagnosis of the injury that was recorded by his final medical board after the war. It was in language you would not understand. Suffice it to say that the hand was so hopelessly mutilated that it was quite useless and would remain so permanently. The fact that the injury had been sadly neglected at the time of its happening was also recorded on his papers by the medical board. The word 'sadly' being underlined twice.

"Gibson had drawn a permanent pension of close on three pounds a week for years. He had, in fact, drawn it regularly every month until some six weeks prior to the date of his letter to the Cripples' Home. At that time he had notified the Pensions Ministry that he was no longer

suffering a disability and that his injured hand had been put right. His letter had been formally acknowledged on a form printed purposely, I was told, for such cases.

"Further correspondence followed, and Gibson's letters, I must say, were couched in terms which, to me, sounded very convincing. On the Ministry, however, they had no effect, and the correspondence ended by their notifying and reminding Gibson that a board of competent medical officers had made his pension a final and permanent one. My friend was quite sure that it was simply a case

of hallucination, and he further assured me that such cases were far from being uncommon.

"Do you think anyone could possibly put that hand right, Phillips? You're a doctor and should know," he asked, and I was forced to admit that, on the face of his medical record, such a thing was impossible.

"I can show you scores of letters just as convincing as Gibson's from men who have lost a leg or an arm, swearing that they are now whole-limbed. Don't take that poor devil's money, Phillips," he begged me. "He'll get over it if he doesn't starve. When they get like that they always imagine that we shall eventually reclaim back payments as soon as we really find out what they themselves think is the truth. That's why he puts that proviso in his letter about the receipt being marked 'From the Minister of Pensions.' As I say, he'll get over it, but, in the meantime, I'll get someone to see him," he told me.

"I asked him not to do that and decided to treat the case myself. The next step I took was to interview his bank manager, before whom I placed the facts.

"'I don't profess to know just what has happened,' he told me, 'but I can tell you this. Mr. Gibson has been a customer here for many years and has, since the war, used only his left hand in writing. Up to a few weeks ago, I should say, when he came to see me and changed his signature entirely by the free use of his right hand. He sat where you are now, and, although he gave no details, he assured me that a miraculous cure had given him back the use of his

(Continued on page 274)

Haig in every Home



Don't be Vague
ask for
Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

OBTAINABLE ALSO IN SMALL SIZES

LAST AID —(Continued from page 272)

right hand. As a matter of fact, I did something the day he called on me which had not been possible before—I shook him warmly by the right hand when we parted.

"Without further ado I called on Gibson. He was a bachelor and lived in a small house where, partly as a hobby and partly for a living, he bred dogs. From him came an amazing story. So amazing, in fact, that he had not, for fear of being ridiculed, told it to anyone.

"It appeared that several weeks before—the actual

describe as 'something holding him down in bed.' Two hands gripped his right arm and wrist—at any rate, it felt like two hands, although his own left hand told him that there was nothing near his bed. He laid still, powerless, he says, to move, whilst the two hands searched for and manipulated the leaders in his wrist and fingers. There was no pain. Half an hour after midnight, when Gibson eventually got out of bed, he found what you will have already guessed. His right hand was as well and whole as his left. There was no stiffness in it and no discomfiture. It was as if the injury had never existed. I have examined the hand and can vouch that Gibson has now the full use of both. That's the story."

"But what made you dash off to Germany, Phillips?" we asked him in chorus.

"Oh, I traced Werth. The description that Gibson gave married up with that of a Doctor Werth, notorious during the war for his hatred of everything British. A brilliant surgeon but a real terror—butterer and all that—you know what I mean. I also found out that he was in charge of the Prisoners of War Hospital, where Gibson's wound had been treated after his capture."

There was a pause, and then he continued:

"It is my opinion that the member of Gibson's final board would underlined that world 'sadly' did so because he would have preferred the word 'maliciously.'"

"But, good Lord, Phillips! How do you account for this cure? Did you meet this Doctor Werth?" I asked.

"I'm afraid I didn't. You see, he died on March 25th. Went into a coma in the afternoon, I was told, and as near as I could find out, passed away at about midnight."

THE END.



HEAT-WAVE SIESTA AT FRINTON: MARGARET RHYS, DAVID GOWER, JANET BLAGDEN AND ANGELA CUNDELL

Some young people well "dug-in" on the sands at Frinton and resting after their labours of excavation. Margaret Rhys is Lord Dynevor's granddaughter, her father being the Hon. Elwyn Rhys

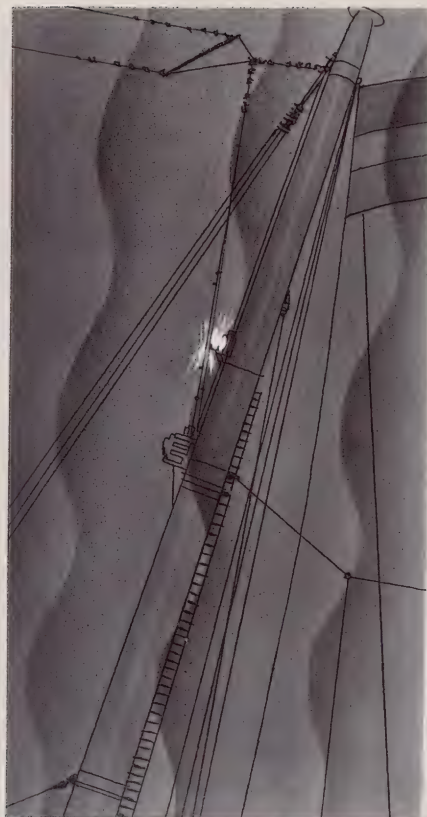
date is interesting; it was the 25th of March—a stranger called on him, ostensibly to see some dogs. He was a mysterious kind of person and gave the name of Werth. He was typically German in appearance and bearing—rather ugly, but possessing an unusually charming manner and air. A captivating personality was Gibson's opinion of him. He spoke perfect English—gave Gibson the impression that he was a doctor, stayed half an hour, and was much more interested in Gibson's injured hand, which he examined, than his dogs. He left, promising to call again. It was late afternoon when he called, by the way. In the middle of that same night—that is, March 25th—Gibson, who lives alone, was awakened by what he can only



HEAT-WAVE LIVELINESS AT WESTGATE: THE HON. DAVID KNOLLYS, THE HON. TESSA AND GILES FOX-STRANGWAYS AND THE HON. ARDYNE KNOLLYS; ON TOP—LADY CAROLINE CHILD-VILLIERS
Some more people who, having done no digging, are still feeling pretty bobbish, thank you! The Knollys contingent are Lord and Lady Knollys' children, the Fox-Strangways, Lord and Lady Stavordale's. Lady Caroline Child-Villiers, who is doing the "Russian steam-roller" act all over the party, is Lord Jersey's daughter

SHIP'S RADIO

APPOINTMENT 4.35. THURSDAY STOP ARRIVING BREMEN +



EUROPA BREMEN

Swinging smoothly between East and West with the faultless regularity of Time itself, these twin Giants make punctual arrival as certain as if New York stood in the next county instead of beyond three thousand miles of open sea. When you travel by "Europa" or "Bremen" you can make your appointments punctually on the other side of the world, knowing that you will arrive on time after a swift, luxurious journey in a vessel equipped with every comfort and convenience for people of every taste.

THE PASSWORD TO SOPHISTICATED TRAVEL: "NORDDEUTSCHER LLOYD"
NEW YORK: CONTINENT: FAR EAST: 11a, REGENT ST., LONDON, S.W.1 (WHITEHALL 6344) AND TRAVEL AGENCIES



Wilson Laing

THE OFFICERS, THE SCOTTISH HORSE, IN CAMP AT BLAIR ATHOLL

The officers, The Scottish Horse, are seen here with the Colonel Commandant of the Regiment, the Duke of Atholl, who raised the regiment originally (and, incidentally, is the only private citizen in the Empire who is entitled to maintain his own "standing army," the Atholl Highlanders).

The Scottish Horse are the only regiment in the Army who wear the kilt as mess dress. The names are:

Front row: Lt. G. A. Murray, Captain D. S. Cowans-Fairweather, Major J. H. Moffat, Major A. H. Couper, T.D., Captain B. A. Peto (Adjutant), Lt.-Col. R. A. Bartram, M.C., T.D. (Commanding Officer), his Grace the Duke of Atholl, K.T., P.C., G.C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O., T.D. (Colonel Commandant), Major H. C. Soundy, M.C., T.D. (Second in Command), Major H. D. McCorquodale, M.C., Major A. L. Robertson (R.A.V.C.), Captain H. F. Wickham Boynton, Captain E. Dickenson, D.C.M. (Quartermaster), Captain D. G. Usher. Back row: Lt. R. M. Campbell Preston, Lt. R. A. Lytle, 2nd-Lt. A. Gilroy, 2nd-Lt. Hon. J. L. Lindsay, Lt. W. Findlay, 2nd-Lt. W. T. MacGregor, 2nd-Lt. A. C. Laing, 2nd-Lt. W. P. McGowan, Lt. A. T. Badwell, Lt. H. F. B. Foster, Lt. W. S. Alexander, Lt. J. E. C. Sinclair, 2nd-Lt. P. H. Henderson, Lt. Ropner (R.A.M.C.)

Seaside.

TO all those who are not inside it, a motor-car at the seaside is an abomination and a hissing. It dilutes the ozone with exhaust gas and disturbs the atmosphere of marine serenity which should surround all satisfactory "resorts." But worse than that, as I noticed when I visited a few seaside places recently, the motor-car is occasionally used by holiday-making youths as a form of whoops-wagon, a device for stirring up the emotions, a vicarious *vin rouge*. In that form it becomes horribly dangerous. It swirls round a corner just when, in bathing-suit and dressing-gown, one is ponderously crossing the road to go to the beach, and reveals itself overloaded to the extent of about fifteen people, all howling with laughter. It is driven furiously and badly, with a maximum of noise and of tyre and transmission wear, and a minimum of translational effect. I suppose one ought to say, "Well, well! We were all young once." But that would not be true. If we had behaved in that way we would not have been young long enough to grow old—if you take my meaning.

Now, I am in favour of the motor-car being used as a whoops-wagon at any time and all times, provided only that it does not endanger life and limb. But when a car is used for purposes of exhibitionism, it does endanger life and limb. The driver will be so much concentrated upon the figure he is cutting before the world that he will have no time to consider the accuracy and care with which he is driving. It is true that modern life in England is arranged to prevent people from tasting pleasure, and that, in consequence, they are always engaged on the

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

business of trying to make onlookers think they are tasting pleasure. They drive about in this wild and whirling manner, making noises and waving their arms, not because they enjoy doing it, but because they hope that people will look at them and think that they enjoy doing it. But I beg them, during what remains of the school holiday period, to temper their exhibitionism with thought for the safety of others.

The 1938 Rovers.

It was, according to my yachting friends, because T. O. M. Sopwith failed to heed the maxim, "When you've got a good thing, stick to it," that he lost the 1934 "America's" Cup race. Certainly the maxim is worth heeding in the motor-car business, and some of the most successful firms in the industry to-day are those which have obstinately stuck to good things and refused to be panicked or manoeuvred into making changes in a hurry. Nothing is more positive than that the most trustworthy car is, other things being equal, the most tried car. Chop and change your designs in a frantic chase after the most advanced theories and you will never produce a really solid, trustworthy vehicle, although you may produce vehicles of very great technical interest and importance. But trustworthiness and technical interest and importance do not always go together.

The Rover Company's policy for 1938 is to stick to the good things they have. Only detail alterations and improvements have been made, and for the rest the range of five models remains as it was last year. That is a

(Continued on page 280)



Norman Brown

AN UNPRECEDENTED GATHERING: THE OFFICERS COMMANDING FIVE BATTALIONS, THE H.L.I.

A meeting unparalleled in the history of the Highland Light Infantry took place when five battalions of the regiment went into camp together at Barry, Angus. They were the 1st—one of the two regular battalions, the 2nd is at Peshawar—and the 5th, 6th, 7th and 9th, all Glasgow Territorial units. In the picture the Brigade-Commander, Colonel N. R. Campbell, who formerly commanded the 5th Bn., is seen third from left with the battalion commanders: Lieut.-Col. J. McD. Latham, 1st H.L.I.; Lieut.-Col. W. D. Macrae, 6th H.L.I.; Lieut.-Col. D. Carnegie, 9th Batt. H.L.I.; Lieut.-Col. H. Cowan Douglas, 5th Batt. H.L.I.; and Lieut.-Col. S. S. Johnston, 7th Batt. H.L.I.

WOLSELEY 18'80



Comes out on top



Until recently a mountain track, and now a highway, the Col de l'Iseran is the highest pass in the Alps. It rises over 9,000 feet, opens up a new and shorter route between Geneva and the Mediterranean, and takes the motorist through some of the most majestic scenery in Savoie.

Mr. H. E. Symons, the famous Motoring Correspondent, driving a Wolseley 18/80 h.p. car, in the course of a tour over the Alps, climbed 5 Alpine passes, a total height of over 40,000 feet. Included in these was the newly opened Col de l'Iseran road.

Despite the long and gruelling ascents, the Wolseley travelled with amazing ease.

Nothing but a combination of power in all its amplitude, perfect carburation and cooling which will meet the most arduous conditions, could have accomplished this feat.

The Wolseley 18/80 has automatic ride-control, thermostatic carburetors, and all the other Wolseley successful features, including Dunlop tyres, Triplex Glass, and Jackall Hydraulic Jacks. It develops 80 b.h.p. and will cruise comfortably at 70 m.p.h.

Saloon £295. † Saloon de Ville £335

WOLSELEY MOTORS, LIMITED, WARD END, BIRMINGHAM, 8.
London Distributors: Eustace Watkins, Limited, Berkeley Street, W.1.
Sole Exporters: M.I.E., Limited, Cowley, Oxford, England.

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

WOLSELEY

THE CAR WITHOUT A DOUBT

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

The Labours of Heracles.

CORNARO, the "apostle of senescence," wrote four essays after the age of eighty-three, the last one at ninety-five. They were in praise of old age and how to attain it, and they advocated a certain hygienic régime. It would seem that those eight Handley-Page 42 air-liners, which were ordered about seven years ago by Imperial Airways, have studied, as Byron and Addison were supposed to have studied, the works of Cornaro, for they have certainly attained a useful and happy old age. No official records are kept of such matters by the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, but I imagine that the Heracles has, without doubt, established a world's record in long service, trustworthiness and safety. The other day it celebrated its 1,000,000th mile by flying over the southern counties with a party which included Sir Samuel Instone and Group Captain Maycock. The pilot was Captain Dismore, and in the cabins libations were poured in honour of—if I may be permitted the expression—the tough old bird.

The Heracles came into service early in 1931 and has carried 80,000 people and flown more than 10,200 hours. Horatius has also done about a million miles, and the whole fleet has flown more than 7,000,000 miles—all of it without injuring a single passenger in any way. I know they are slow, these mountainous crates, I know they are ugly; but if any aircraft built in this country deserve the highest praise, these do. They were the first to give air passengers comfort, and it seems that they are the only ones to give air passengers safety. Only a pilot knows how delightful it is, after travelling in one of those foreign aeroplanes that rush like a mad bull at the opposite fence before they can get off the ground, to change to a Handley-Page 42 and to float upwards like a balloon after the briefest preliminary amble.

Safety.

THE safety of the 42's is not fortuitous. It is the result of a sound design in which two things are outstandingly important: good control resulting from the powerful leverage obtained by putting elevator and rudders at the end of a long fuselage; and short take-off and landing runs resulting from the use of a light wing-loading. Let us learn our lesson from these machines and not rush off too hurriedly after the Americans, with their high wing-loadings and rather stubby fuselages. Higher speeds must be obtained; but if all the world's air-line companies had been working Handley-Page 42's and had had the safety record set up by these machines, it is conceivable that air transport would be a very much more successful thing than it is. Passengers talk a lot about speed; but when it comes to buying a ticket, they still think first of safety. And in that they are right. Better float gracefully to Paris in two or three hours in a 42 than rush at 325 kilometres an hour half-way there and then crash.

All that does not mean, however, that speed with safety is impossible of attainment; only that it is difficult to attain. And where a choice has to be made, it is humanly and financially preferable to go for safety.

Secrets and Soporifics.

SECRETS are increasingly being used by the politicians as soporifics. If this country falls behind in some form of defence and people become alarmed and questions are asked, a politician will get up in the House and assure the House that all is well. Our defences are sound, everything in the garden is lovely; but just why and how it is lovely he must not say. No, no. It is all secret. It would be



Charles E. Brown

A FRIENDLY "SHOWING OF THE FLAG": THE "FURIES" GO TO SWITZERLAND

Four Fury machines from No. 1 (Fighter) Squadron, Tangmere, went to Zurich for the International Air Meeting to give a display of aerobatics. By reason of Air Ministry policy, Swiss machines are not allowed to enter for competitions, and this visit was in the nature of a friendly gesture to the Swiss and other nations who were competing



THE FOLKESTONE AERO TROPHY RACE: TOMMY ROSE SPED ON HIS WAY BY JEANNE DE CASALIS

Miss Jeanne de Casalis, the famous actress, is also a very competent pilot. She is seen wishing good luck to Tommy Rose, the most genial of airmen, at the start of the Folkestone Race from Lympne. The race was won by Mr. A. Henshaw in a "Mew Gull"

against the public interest to give away the marvels which have been achieved by our scientists in secret. Note the effect which it is desired to produce. The public, hearing these pregnant hints about marvels done in secret, feels a delightful tingling sensation of satisfaction and confidence. All is well it thinks. Our great men are using their great brains for great defence measures. Obviously we must not let the potential enemy know. So it must all be kept a deadly

secret; but everything is all right.

I say without hesitation that this use of secrecy is dangerous. Sir Thomas Inskip alluded the other day in the House of Commons to the work of the air defence research committee and hinted that the committee had done much. "Nothing," he said (I quote from newspaper reports), "could be more disastrous or wrong than for him to attempt even to hint at what research had attained and how much stronger we were in the air defences as a consequence of the discoveries and the applications of these discoveries. (Cheers.)" It is painful to have to shatter that delightful feeling of superiority expressed by those "Cheers." They are the uncritical person's way of showing his blind faith in the workings of "science," a faith as dangerous as that in the working of magic. The truth is that we have at present little or nothing in the way of practical air-defence machinery other than that provided by aeroplanes. For after hearing Sir Thomas, I made my own secret inquiries about the secrets of the secret research committee. And far from being so brilliantly effective as Sir Thomas made the gullible House of Commons believe, the methods are often childish.

(Continued on page 280)

This England . . .



Stonehenge, Wilts.



QUARREL we would not with the line—"what should they know of England who only England know?" But let it be said, and firmly, that he who knows this England, knows much. What d'ye seek—the monuments of eld? Menhir and cromlech, monolith and circle, we have them all. What d'ye lack—summer snow or winter flowers? They are here. Strange meats is it you need for your comfort—then try lardy johns or a lamprey stew. And the "wine of the country"? Out of the soil that bred you, ripened in the climate that made you strong, come resinous hop and golden barley blended for your delight by an ancient craft—what fitter than Worthington, that waits everywhere upon your roving in this pleasant land.

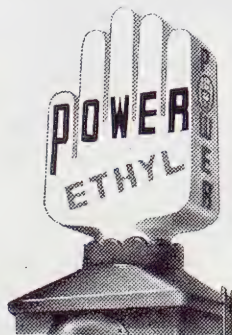
IT'S SAFER TO USE
POWER ETHYL!



I SHAN'T RISK PASSING HERE

It's really quite unnecessary . . . besides being dangerous . . . I can pass him easily once we're round the corner. Thank heaven I can rely on that extra burst of power which Power Ethyl gives me . . . they say it's the most powerful petrol on sale to the public—and I've got good reason to believe it!

THE MOST
POWERFUL
PETROL
ON SALE!



Air Eddies—continued from p. 278

My lips, of course, are sealed. Nothing could be more disastrous or wrong than for me to attempt even to hint . . . and so on. But you can take it from me that these methods are ineffective. For the sake of the country's safety we must not be led away by mysterious hints; we must continue to press for the completion and extension of the air force expansion programme. It is the only sure guard against air attack.

Interpretive History.

Aeronautical history is history at its most entertaining, and I have read with pleasure Mr. M. J. B. Davy's "Interpretive History of Flight," which was published a short time ago by the Stationery Office. Here the work of Cayley, Stringfellow and Pénard is seen, in true perspective. The responsibility which rests with the present generation for using the aeroplane for peace and not for war is also clearly stated. And the concluding words of Mr. Davy's book are worth quoting: "In Italy the Renaissance produced the reasoned speculations of Leonardo da Vinci and Francesco de Lana; France produced the balloon and the first airship; in England Sir George Cayley defined the aeroplane; and in Germany Otto Lilienthal experimented in the air, and the internal-combustion engine was born; America produced the Wright brothers and the first successful aeroplane; while from Spain came the invention of the autogiro, and from Russia the inspiration of mass air-mindedness. Is it too much to hope that this world-wide division of responsibility for the development of human flight may lead ultimately to a like sharing of the responsibility for its use?"

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 276

commendable policy which will be equally valuable to the user and to the maker. The models are the Ten, Twelve, Fourteen, Sixteen and Twenty. The first two are four-cylinder cars and the others six. Prices go from £255 for the Ten saloon to £425 for the Twenty sports saloon, and it should be noted that the Ten is listed as a saloon only and the Twenty as a sports saloon, while on the other chassis both saloon and sports saloon bodies are available. A change has been made in the bonnets of all models except the Ten, and it is possible to remove the side panels to obtain access to the engine.

Specifications.

I can give only brief notes on the specifications. Engine capacity goes from 1,389 c.c. in the Ten to 2,512 c.c. in the Twenty, and overhead valves are common to all the engines. The compression ratio of the Ten is 5.9 and of the Twelve 5.7, while the six-cylinder models all have a compression ratio of 6. All the cars have four-speed gear boxes, single dry-plate clutch, open propeller-shaft, and spiral-bevel final drive. The brakes, of course, are Girling. I have been unable to find my own notes of the Rovers I have tested in past months, so I must give you the maker's figures for performance. The Twenty has a maximum speed of 80 m.p.h. and the Sixteen of 75. The smaller cars will all do 70. Braking figures are exceptionally good, while petrol consumption works out at 30 miles per gallon for the Ten and at 20 miles per gallon for the Twenty.

Gallons or Litres.

Those who have done much Continental touring invariably come round in the end to the view that it would be an enormous advantage if the metric system were adopted in this country. There are difficulties in some respects, but I can see no great difficulty in adopting litres instead of gallons for fuel measurement. We are all familiar with cubic centimetres and litres for the measurement of cylinder capacities, so it would not be much of a wrench to say goodbye to gallons. To go over to kilometres from statute miles would be harder, for people do get the mile habit firmly fixed. There are many who have a good idea of the meaning of 50 miles an hour, but who do not know whether 80 kilometres an hour is a crawl or a rush. But kilometres are bound to displace miles in aviation, so it would in many ways be a good thing if they displaced them in motoring as well. The kilometre has a definite relation to the size of the earth and is therefore usable—as the nautical mile is usable—for navigational calculation.

Motor Roads.

Preparations for that visit by Members of Parliament and representatives of County Councils and Societies to the German highways are going forward. The German Roads Delegation (1937) Committee is under the chairmanship of Mr. R. Gresham Cooke, Secretary of the British Road Federation, and the delegation is limited to 220 people. I hear that about sixty Members of Parliament will go. The party will leave England on September 24.



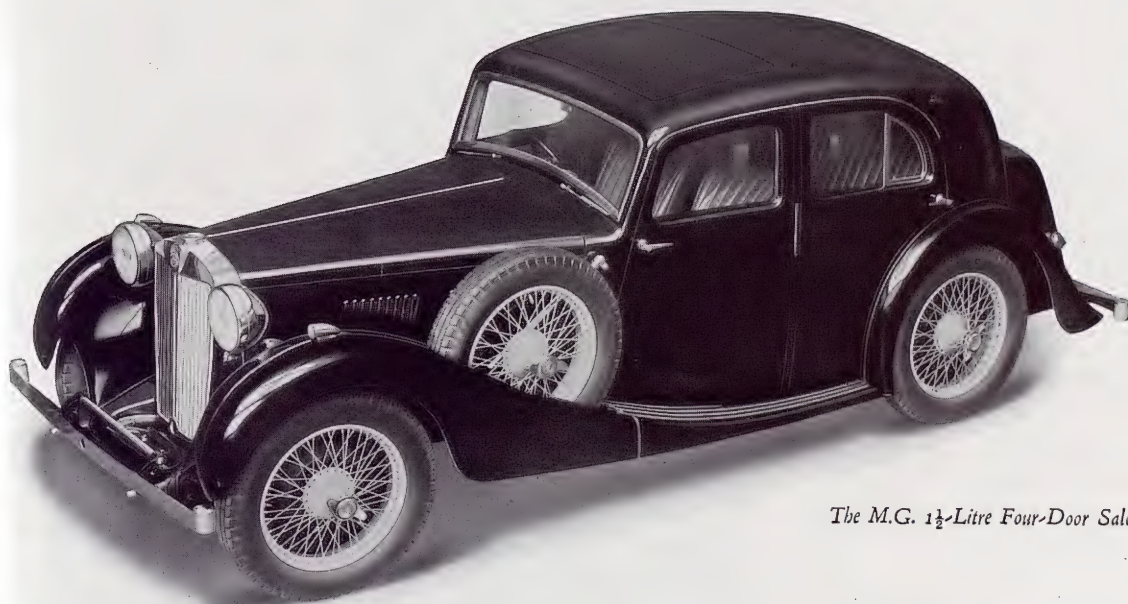
M.G. Midget Series T. Two-Seater £222

M.G. 1½-Litre Four-Door Saloon £325. Four-Seater Open £280. Folding Head Foursome £335

M.G. Two-Litre Four-Door Saloon £389. Tourer £385. Folding Head Foursome £398

Prices ex works : Dunlops, Triplex. Buy a car made in the United Kingdom

SAFETY FAST!



The M.G. 1½-Litre Four-Door Saloon

for space . .

for grace . .

for pace . . .

An M.G. set up in June 1937, seven new International Class 'G' Records, including the mile at 142.6 m.p.h.

THE  CAR COMPANY LIMITED · ABINGDON-ON-THAMES · BERKSHIRE

N5

SOLE EXPORTERS—M.I.E. LTD . COWLEY . OXFORD . ENGLAND

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 265

Schaffhausen rather cramping, these monsters like Brontosaurus, Excelsus Diplodocus (a 90-footer) were not absolutely tied to salt water. Lots of them, in fact, preferred inland bogs and rivers. However, a prim and proper little cathedral town like Constance would not consider even a Loch Ness Plesiosaurus Macrocephalus quite respectable. My research affords me the information that the most to which the Konstanz will commit himself is a 4ft. 6in. pike, weight only 27 lb., and a 3ft. 6in. trout, weight 26 lb. There are some very realistic portraits of these fish. The pike was caught in A.D. 1616 and the trout in 1789. I daresay that if you asked a local fisherman he would first sniff and then say: "Ach zo? But those were only little fish! Now, last week I pulled one out near Insel Mainau—a good five-footer, and turned the scale about 40 lb. I wish I had had him stuffed now that I find you are interested. But it is quite ordinary to get 30-pounder trout here. As a matter of fact, we chuck anything under that back!"

"THE Hog Hunters' Annual," 1937, Vol. X, is like all its predecessors, a collection of facts and anecdote which will be a joy to all pork butchers, past and present, and bar that the Printer's Devil will probably come to a violent and unpleasant end for having said that since Vol. IX was published George IV has come to the Throne, all is very well. I have a small suggestion to make which I think may be helpful, and it is that in every volume there should be included the full list of Kadir Cup winners brought right up to date. I am sure that this would be of the very greatest interest and value to everyone who has ever had anything to do with that great

contest, and it is, I think, very fitting that such a roll of honour should be given perpetual advertisement. It is also unfortunate that the result of this year's Kadir Cup could not be included, for, owing to its not being so, the full details which we all depend upon cannot now see the light till 1938. This year's winner, as some of us know, was Mr. J. F. Branford, R.A., on Red Turk, but then details we get in England are usually so fragmentary that I feel it would be a great boon if the contest of the year of publication were included, even if it meant holding up the date of the volume's appearance.

The 1936 winner was Captain Tuck, R.A., on that great horse Manifest, on which Major H. McA. Richards won it in 1931. The Hon. J. Hamilton-Russell, who has been playing polo for The Royals in London this season, won it in 1935, and another winner at the meeting (1936), Captain C. B. Harvey, 10th Hussars (Heavyweights in the Hog Hunters' Cup, which is a point-to-point), played in the Regimental polo team which has won this year's Inter-Regimental. As to the 1934 Kadir, Lt.-Col. Scott-Cockburn (winner of more Kadirs than anyone, and on the same horse, Carclew, now commanding the 4th Hussars) wrote to me:—

"I had a wire this last week-end to say the Kadir Cup had been won by Grey, a subaltern in Skinner's Horse, and that Roscoe Harvey, of the 10th Hussars, was the runner-up. This is the first time the Indian Cavalry have won the Kadir since Davidson, of the 2nd Lancers, won it in 1921. The 10th have always been in the picture since they relieved the 4th at Meerut in 1930. Willoughby Norrie, their Colonel, was runner-up last year to Arthur Grenfell, then of the 9th Lancers, since transferred to the 10th Hussars. Before this it was won by Jones, a subaltern in the 10th (1932)."



FIVE AT A SITTING

The Earl of Hardwicke, a lady whose name was not supplied, Count Jean de Breteuil, the Countess of Hardwicke and Mr. Robin Wilson waiting for long drinks at Deauville, where a heat wave has also been in evidence. Lord Hardwicke, who succeeded his uncle, the 8th Earl, last year, is in the Life Guards Special Reserve, sails with zest and married a daughter of Sir Francis Lindley of diplomatic fame

THINGS which make life worth while !



"SPECIAL RESERVE"
and "FIVE STAR"
VERY OLD LIQUEUR



CRAWFORD'S

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY... one of the Good Things in Life!

**LARGEST SALE
OF ANY ETHYL PETROL**



**No process known to Science
can produce a finer petrol
than Esso Ethyl**

More than half the motorists in the world are now running their cars on ethyl type petrols. Sales last year exceeded 11,250,000,000 gallons!

★ For better lubrication use Essolube ★

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by

M E. Brooke



THE fur coats at Bradleys, Chepstow Place, are quite individual; incidentally, the lines are graceful and the working of the skins is arranged to achieve an unusual richness. Summer prices prevail until September 4. Sable wraps are very beautiful but, it must frankly be admitted, rather costly, on account of the rarity of the skins. Nevertheless, women who value exclusiveness must visit these salons at the earliest opportunity, as this is the house of sables and of mink. The mink coat portrayed is of great beauty. The treatment of the fur, as though it were fabric, results in slender lines and is responsible for the introduction of many new notes—especially noticeable in the sleeves. A muff completes the scheme. Very striking are the ermine coats, which may be said to dominate the mode for evening wear. Some are enriched with fox, white or silver. No shadow has crossed the path of luxurious silver fox wraps; this is a subject for no surprise to all who have viewed the Bradley collection. An interesting brochure will gladly be sent gratis on application

Picture by Blake

At
Marshall &
Snelgrove

Early Autumn
MILLINERY

Specially Priced
during August

20/-



OUR new "profile" Hat. This smart poke shape is so arranged that the brim seems to stand in the air, making a becoming frame to the face. In "Marshallgrade" felt. Colours: Black, brown, navy, green, blue and wine.

Sent on approval.

Our Tourneur Salon will be delighted to design for you an individual "make-up" so that you will look your best in these new hats. There is no charge for this service.

**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**
OXFORD STREET
W.1.



"Sherry Party"

"SHERRY PARTY" is the name given by our milliner to this delightful Hat which is so smart for restaurant and shopping wear. It is in "Marshallgrade" felt, trimmed with flat bows of felt and worn with a tiny veil. In black, brown, navy, green, blue and wine.

Sent on approval.

EVERYONE wants a "casual" Hat. The model pictured below has been specially designed for sports and country and is made in "Marshallgrade" felt. Colours: Black, brown, navy, green, blue and wine.

Sent on approval.

"Casual"





KINDERGARTEN FASHIONS

EVERY mother who has children at the kindergarten stage is thinking, talking and dreaming of clothes for them; they must be simple and well cut. This is always the case when they come from Rowes, 106, New Bond Street. The frieze on this page is a replica of the one in the little people's salons; Donald Duck and Dismal Desmond are among the inhabitants awaiting the arrival of small visitors. The neat little coat at the top of the page with hat to match is of tweed. On the left below is a duck-egg blue hopsack coat, the velvet collar and buttons being bark brown. The boy's suit consists of blue tweed knickers with striped wool taffeta blouse. In the group at the base of the page, reading from left to right, is a flannel dressing-gown for a child of two or three years of age; it is worn over an all-wool flannel delaine sleeping suit. The little girl in the background has donned such a pretty frock, strewn with pictures depicting scenes from "Mother Hubbard." The boy in the centre is seen wearing a knitted suit of fine cashmere. Then on the extreme right there is a dress of duck-egg blue marocain with crêpe de Chine collar. The needs of boys and girls are well understood, and Rowes are ever prepared to outfit them in their entirety or to fill up gaps that have been made in their equipment engendered by the wear and tear of the previous term. The catalogues are particularly comprehensive and will be sent gratis and post free on application

*Delightful young
ideas for work
and playtime.*



"4711"—for freshness
when riding.



"Where another woman gets tired,
you get more charming"

"Where another woman gets tired,
I get '4711'!"

P. & O. Boat Train S.S. Carthage,
Platform 9 . . . Wagons-Lits
Simplon Orient . . . Blue Train . .
Flying Imperial . . . breakfast in
London, apéritif in Paris . . .
Stateroom *Queen Mary* . . . good-
bye . . . au revoir . . . auf Wieder-
sehen . . . see you in Delhi . . . see
you at Cap d'Antibes . . . see you
again, some time, somewhere . .

In these mad, modern times, let
"4711" dispel fatigue and stuffi-
ness on your travels, sir and
madam, and through the hottest

of holidays. Let "4711" keep
you, sir and madam, cool and
fresh through the most strenuous
exercise, through long hours in
the saddle. Yes—be lavish with
your "4711". After the bath, too,
sprayed on the neck and shoulders
—so delightfully nerve-soothing.
Four-seven-eleven—the incom-
parable classic Eau de Cologne
—after nearly one hundred and
fifty years still made in the City of
Cologne itself from the original
secret recipe.



I love the heat —
with my "4711"!

'4711'

Watch-Shaped
Handbag Bottles
2/6 and 4/9

Wicker-covered bottles
and attractive decanters,
up to 52/6

Original Bottle
as illustrated
8/9 (half-size 4/9)



Genuine
Eau de
Cologne

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



CAPT. AND MRS. R. K. M. BATTYE

Mrs. Battye was formerly Miss A. J. Ried, daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Ried. Sir Robert Ried is Governor of Assam. Capt. Battye is in the Indian Political Service

Williams, and of Mrs. Trevor-Williams, Gezira, Cairo, Egypt.

Recent Engagements.

Lieut. N. McIntyre Kemp, R.N., son of Lady Kemp and the late Sir Norman Kemp, of Tigh Beg, Minard Pt., Argyll, and Diana, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Moyle, of Stalbridge, Dorset; Lieut. Viscount Jocelyn, R.N., eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Roden, of Tollymore Park, Co. Down, and Clodagh Rose, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy, of Bishops Court, Co. Kildare; Capt. Alec Scott, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, younger son of Major and Mrs. R. A. Scott, of Lasborough, Tetbury, Glos, and Rhona Margaret, younger daughter of Brig.-Gen. Ian Stewart, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Stewart, of Eyton Hall, Leominster, Herefordshire; Mr. R. Walker, of Burnthwaite, Bolton, and Ria Carton de Wiart, of

Marrying in Calcutta.

Mr. Colin Barrett and Miss Nancy Connell are being married in Calcutta on October 21, and Mr. Geoffrey Fletcher and Miss Joan de Winton will also be married there in the winter, and on October 9 will be the wedding of Mr. Arthur Trevor Wickham Edmondson and Miss Elizabeth Childs.

A Cairo Wedding.

The marriage will shortly take place in Cairo of Capt F. H. Butterfield, The Royal Northum-

berland Fusiliers, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Butterfield, of Harrogate, Yorks, and Muriel, elder daughter of the late Arthur Trevor-

Allington Farm, Lewes, younger daughter of Major General Carton de Wiart, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Countess Fredrike (Rickey) Carton de Wiart, of Poland and Vienna; Mr. H. E. Meredith Martin, M.D., F.R.C.S., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Martin, of Rathrippe, Colonee, Co. Sligo, and Phyllis Alice, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Fordham, of Hughenden, Loughborough Road, Leicester; Mr. T. de B. Miller, Royal Corps of Signals, only son of Brigadier H. de B. Miller, C.B.E., D.S.O. (late Royal

Artillery), and Mrs. Miller, of Dava, Farnham, Surrey, and Nina Margaret, only daughter of the late Major A. B. King, 7th Btn. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Mrs. J. F. Crombie, of Gorsehanger, Farnham; Mr. C. M. Scott Yates, Indian Police, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Yates, of Cranham, Berkhamsted, Herts, and Marjorie Geraldine, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald More O'Ferrall, of Lisard, Edgeworthstown, Co. Longford; Mr. J. D. Crawford, The Central India Horse, only son of Lieut.-Col. J. M. Crawford, O.B.E., Indian Medical Service (retd.), and Mrs. Crawford, The Manor House, Martinstown, Dorset, and Anne Elizabeth, elder daughter of Mr. Justice Coldstream, Indian Civil Service, and Mrs. Coldstream, of Lahore, India; Mr. G. W. Allinson, son of the late J. M. Allinson, of Singapore, and Mrs. Allinson, and Mary Krabbe Hutton, younger daughter of Mr. L. J. Hutton; Mr. D. T. Veale, younger son of Dr. Henry Veale, of Ilkley, and the late Mrs. Veale, and Moira Irene, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Reed, of Cottingham.



MR. AND MRS. R. R. TWEEDIE

After their marriage in Roxburgh Parish Church at the end of last month, Mrs. Tweedie was formerly Miss Betty Robertson, and Mr. Tweedie is the well-known amateur jockey



MISS FREDA WELLS

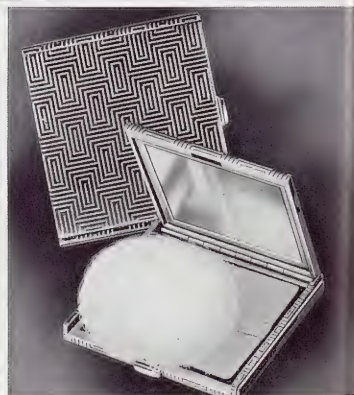
The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Wells of Courtenay Towers, Hove, who is marrying Mr. A. D. Wassenaar, B.A., at the Old Parish Church, Hove, to-morrow



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H. E. Symons, "The Sketch"

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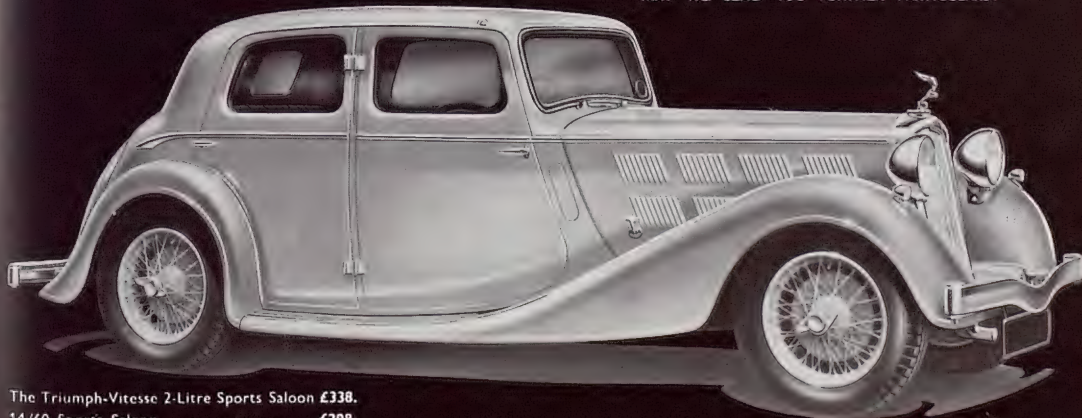
* Mr. W. O. Bentley — and others.

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Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 270

he do? Did he take the boy aside after the match and explain to him that for his future career, his possible entry into the highest tennis circles of all, it was essential that he should discipline his tongue on court and guard his manners as some girls guard their virginity? Not at all. He behaved like a soured old spinster himself and trotted off to his companions and repeated the incident with much colour, and so a black mark came to be put against Filby's name. If this is not the explanation, it is something of the same sort. At any rate, Filby is not going to America, and there is nothing left for him to do except to go on playing in seaside tournaments against opponents who will flatter his prowess and not be strong enough themselves to betray his weak points. Which is a tragedy, in my opinion. For if we are ever to win the Davis Cup back within the next decade it will be by development of Filby, who, in my opinion, is the only really first-class colt material we possess.

But in any case, arguing from the particular to the general once more, I do think the time has come when some understanding should be reached on this vexed question of an over-tournamented tennis world. To-day it is possible, for those who choose, to play in a tournament every week of the year somewhere or other in Europe. Why not, you protest, if they want to? Why not, indeed? Except that such facilities are the same as provided in a fairy sweetshop where children can have a pick at

as many bottles as they like until they are sick from a surfeit in the centre of the floor.

So, in a less violently descriptive manner, is it with many of our leading tennis players. They simply don't know when they have had enough. They are too greedy. They always say that theatrical people are the closest community in the world and are most consistent in talking "shop," thinking "shop," acting "shop." But having had experience of both

worlds I should say that tennis players are far worse, especially in this country. And I do think most seriously that if we are in the future to produce a new series of champions to take the place of the Perrys, and the Dorothy Rounds, and the Austins, too, who will soon be leaving us, some system of restriction, some form of limitation of public play, must be instituted.

Indeed, the pendulum is still swinging hard the other way. The latest project for more if not better tennis comes from Australia, which, under the spokesmanship of Mr. Norman Brookes, is advocating a Davis Cup contest for women run on the same lines as the present one for men. What an idea!

As it is, it is difficult enough, as has been recently proved, to produce a first-class team to do a winter's tour abroad, and I do not doubt that if our English ladies are finally allowed to proceed to Australia they will return in the spring so jaded from constant travel and playing on strange courts, under straits conditions, that they will not be able hardly to hit a ball over the net when the time comes for another Wimbledon.

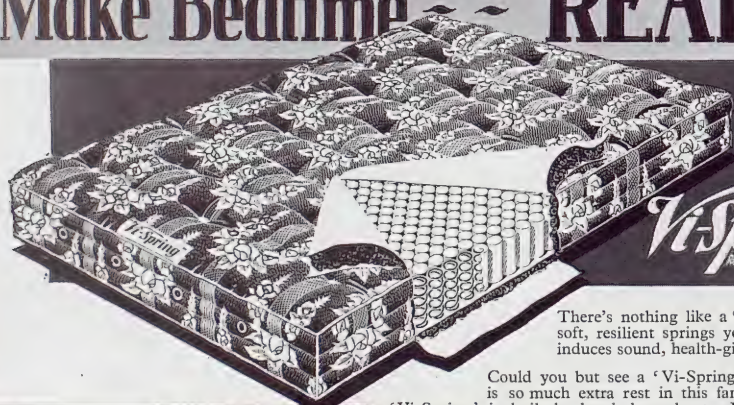


AT THE WILTS COUNTY TENNIS TOURNAMENT

On the left, Brigadier-General and Mrs. M. N. McLeod, who beat the pair on the right, Miss V. Rooth and Captain A. J. Caulfield, in their round of the mixed doubles (open) at Trowbridge. In the centre is Miss M. Blake, the umpire, who is a daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir Reginald and Lady Blake, of Beechfield, Melksham, Wilts

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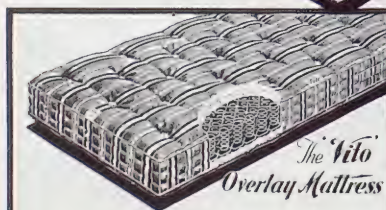
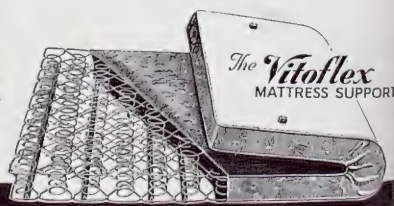
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The property of Lady Faudel-Phillips

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

Hitler sent a Grand Prix d'Honneur for the best German dog. I thoroughly enjoyed it.

People are apt to think large dogs are more trouble than small ones, both to house and feed. This is really not the case; a large dog curls up in an astonishingly small space and, when he is reared, does not eat more than dogs of the larger breeds, say Retrievers and Setters. The Irish Wolfhound is a case in point. He makes an admirable companion, ordinary exercise suits him and he contentedly "stays quiet" in a room. Mrs. Barr has a large and well-known kennel of Irish Wolfhounds, and sends a photograph of some puppies she has for sale. They are four months old and exceedingly promising, but will be sold at moderate prices to good homes.

The Chow is a dog of such distinctive character that he must be a very old breed. From earliest infancy Chows show self-reliance. This characteristic is one of the things that make them popular. Lady Faudel-Phillips has been connected with Chows all her life; at the age of fourteen she showed a Chow at one of our shows; her grandmother was one of the first owners of Chows in England. She has bred and owned many good ones, and is



YOU SI OF AMWELL
The property of Lady Faudel-Phillips

I am writing this from Paris, where I have been judging at the French Kennel Club Show. This show lasts three days and is a very leisurely affair, unlike the rush and hurry of our own dog shows. To me the interest was in the breeds one does not see elsewhere. There were large entries of the various French Sheepdogs, Beauce, Bouviers and Brié, also Belgians, Groenendaal, and Malinois; also various Spaniels, Bretons, Epagneuls Français, Epagneuls Picards, and Pont Audererr. The various packs were interesting, notably a pack of Chiens de Porcelaine, a light-made white hound. Their owner told me they hunted hares and roes; there were also packs of Petit Briquets, Griffons Vendéen, Basset Griffons (rough Bassetts) and Griffons Nivernais. The huntsmen connected with these packs gave a display on their large circular horns. The President of the Republic visited the show on the second day, and Herr



IRISH WOLFHOUND PUPPIES
The property of Mrs. Barr

one of the present judges of the breed. She sends two lovely photographs in the following letter: "The dog I purchased this spring is, I consider, the best blue dog I have ever seen. He has such a wonderful head, and is, so beautifully balanced, with perfect legs and feet. I have shown him several times up to date, and he has won 14 firsts, 2 championships and a reserve championship. The bitch, Chu Chow of Amwell, I bred myself. She is just three years old and has won a number of firsts up to date and two championships. I shall have some good puppies to dispose of by Champion Peng Tse of Amwell, and also my blue dog You Si. I have at the moment a very nice Red Chow bitch for disposal. She is perfectly trained to the house, very affectionate and will follow loose anywhere."

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks Cadnam, Southampton.

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